THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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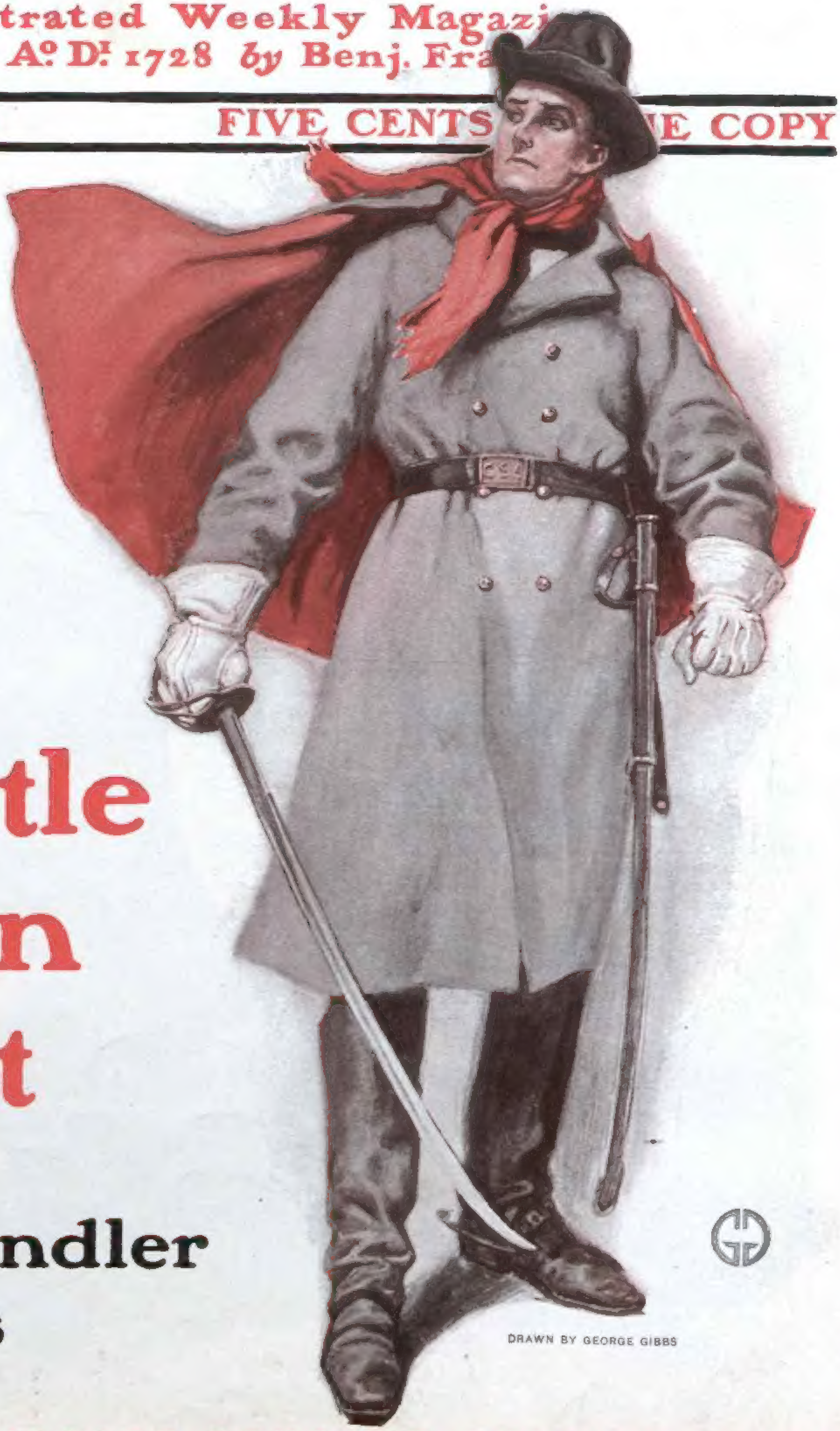

DRAWN BY GEORGE GIBBS

Beginning

A Little Union Scout

By Joel Chandler Harris

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"Four Flushing"—A New Evil of American Cities

By Carter H. Harrison

Mayor of Chicago

THERE is a good, plain, honest virtue in the word "four-flushing." It makes it as meritorious as a word as the act it describes is meretricious as an action. Moreover, the danger that I regard as a new one besetting American municipalities does not lose any of its formidable aspect because it draws its name from the poker table. Its predecessor was a word which came from the same luxuriant soil of American slang—"graft."

Four-flushing is a weed that makes a better appearance in the municipal garden than graft. It is a tall, flourishing weed where the other is a creeper. It has attractive colors and frequently passes as a pride of municipal horticulturists. It chokes a healthy growth just as surely. It does its work, in some cases, more effectually.

Where graft produces disrespect for legislators, four-flushing causes disrespect for legislation. And it will be admitted that it were better for the public to have a poor opinion of lawmakers than that it should have a poor opinion of law. If one were asked to name the characteristic which distinguishes the American citizen as a citizen from the citizens in other countries, the immediate answer in nine times out of ten, among traveled men at least, would be: "Carelessness with regard to law."

Municipal law suffers most from this racial peculiarity. An administration which set for itself the task of enforcing the code as it finds it would be thrown bodily out of office. This holds good in any large city, and, probably, in most of the towns of the country. It is not merely carelessness and heedlessness. It is active opposition when there is danger of a law being placed in execution.

To reach the cause of this, one goes back to a principle to which a large body of respectable, reputable citizens have adhered and will adhere: "It is better to have nice-looking, highly desirable and entirely proper laws in the code—even if they be not intended for enforcement and it be not desired by the majority of the citizens that they be enforced—than to have a practical working code which will recognize the limits of administration and confine itself to the things that the majority wishes."

Following this principle, we enact laws that will look well in the code book. Then we leave it to the discretion of the administration to put in execution such as will not hamper us in the slightest in the conduct of our business and in the pursuit of our pleasure.

Making Laws for the Other Fellow

IF A LAW can be devised which holds the other man in check and permits us to continue on our way, undisturbed in the enjoyment of all privileges that we see fit to covet, we applaud the wisdom of the man who framed this wise law and the judgment of the administration that executed it.

When, by maladministration, such a law reaches out and takes hold of us, we arise in wrath and indignation. We betake ourselves to our alderman. We secure his sympathy, his consolation and his active efforts, and we enlist the services of other aldermen, and in this are aided by others like us who have found that the teeth of the ordinance have been fastened in their ankles.

The result: A law amended and revised. Its teeth are drawn. If necessary it is muzzled and chained in its kennel. The administration is called off and told to leave that dog alone hereafter. Then we proceed upon our way happy with the knowledge that no unruly canine is waiting for us in any of the dark alleys into which we may wish to go.

Law is an excellent thing. Law is a highly desirable thing. Cities could not get along well without it. There must be laws for burglars and people who have not been educated to observe strictly the sanctity of vested rights.

We want law—for the other fellow. For *ourselves* we want as little of it as possible. There in no reason why we should be burdened with it. We are peaceable, law-abiding citizens. We do not need law.

That is the attitude of the average citizen—of the citizen above the average. It is being aggravated, increased, built up and magnified by the tendency of municipal legislators to indulge in the pleasure of ornamental law making—"four-flushing."

On the afternoon of December 30, 1903, Chicago suffered one of the great disasters of a century. The Iroquois theatre, closely packed with a holiday crowd of women and children, caught fire. This calamity has been attended with one result which will last longer than the grief over the bereavement that accompanied it. It has made possible an enforcement of city laws that would not have been tolerated under other conditions by an American community. The men of responsibility in other cities may pray that no such catastrophe befall their communities, as we in Chicago will pray, and labor as well, that none like it befall this city again. There is no attempt made to shift any responsibility for this disaster so far as it may be traced fairly and squarely to the administration of the city. No attempt on the part of legislators to avoid it will be successful, nor will private citizens be able to get from under what blame may be distributed among them. The question of seeking causes for the catastrophe and of placing responsibility must be answered by the proper authorities. The fire, however, offers an illustration for the text of this article—an illustration which might have been sought far and wide and not found elsewhere in such strong colors.

A hasty review of facts is necessary. Eight weeks before the disaster the Commissioner of Buildings, at my direction, secured from his inspectors a report on the condition of Chicago theatres. This revealed the fact that not one of the thirty-nine in Chicago, not even the "fireproof" structures such as the Auditorium, complied with law. To a greater or less extent all were violators.

This report was referred by me to the city council with the statement that the enforcement of the ordinances would close every theatre in the city. The council in turn referred it to the judiciary committee, where it went to a sub-committee for consideration. Such action naturally stays the enforcement of a law. It would be ridiculous to force compliance with a law which may be revised and altered within a month after compliance has been secured from the persons violating it.

Right here it may be permitted to say a word regarding newspaper four-flushing. When this report was made public one local newspaper, and only one, gave any particular attention to it in the news columns. One other paper, and only one, called attention editorially to the conditions. Yet the report was delivered by the City Press Association to all the local newspapers.

The Lesson of the Iroquois Disaster

THAT was before the fire. One paper of the nine influential English dailies had sufficient interest in the subject to demand that the city council take speedy action. No paper demanded or even suggested a rigorous enforcement of the ordinance. The receipts from theatrical advertising in the average daily paper, I am told, are $500 a week.

After the fire every paper, every one of the nine, was filled with amazement that so important a matter had been neglected by the administration and the aldermen. If this be not four-flushing it is time to coin a new word.

It is not in the records that a single newspaper refused a single line of advertising from a theatre because that theatre was operating in violation of city ordinances. It is the habit of local papers to publish weekly a page of special theatrical news and gossip for the laudable purpose of interesting the general public in the mode of life of stagefolk. Careful scrutiny of the columns of our daily papers, published in the period between the report on the condition of theatres to the city council and the Iroquois fire disaster, fails to reveal any diminishment in the amount of space devoted to the stage, because of the fact that publication of interesting matter would encourage attendance in buildings now enthusiastically termed fire-traps by the selfsame papers.

With the report still in the hands of the sub-committee the Iroquois fire occurred. Three days afterward every theatre in Chicago was closed by my order, to remain closed until absolute compliance with the intent of the city building ordinances has been secured or until the city council has specifically sanctioned each and every violation.

Now here is the point: After the fire it was easy to say, "The theatres should have been closed when the report was made showing their condition." Not taking into account the fact that the consideration of the report and the laws governing theatres by the council acted as a stay, behold how easy it would have been!

Without any great calamity to teach a lesson, every one of the thirty-nine theatres in the city would have had its doors officially barred. Thousands of persons—theatrical people, stage employees, bill-posters and others dependent on the business—would have lost their means of support. Many thousands more, looking to the theatres for their chief form of amusement, would have found themselves deprived of it. I am not arguing that all this should not have been done.

I am arguing that it could not, that the necessity for it, as then seen, would not have justified it; that the people affected by it would have raised such a storm about the ears of an administration which tried it that the officials would have been forced to the cyclone cellars.

And this is not all. If the theatres were to be closed for violations of law, why close them alone? What justice would there have been in falling upon one class of buildings and permitting others to escape untouched?

To have closed the theatres I should have been obliged to go further. I should have been obliged to close practically every office building in the city. Every one of the huge department stores in State Street would have been compelled to suspend business. Hotels would have fallen under the weight of the same laws. Factories would have been closed. Churches could not have remained open. The enforcement of law would have paralyzed business in this city of Chicago. Office buildings, hotels, factories and stores all violated provisions of building ordinances regarding elevator shafts, requiring inclosure with fireproof walls — a requirement which since has been declared unnecessary by the Judiciary committee of the city council. Churches presented the same condition of structural defects, inadequate exits, violation by overcrowding, placing of camp-chairs in aisles, as has been charged against the theatres.

What the Mayor is "Up Against"

NOW can any one imagine an administration starting out with no great calamity as an object-lesson to teach submission to law, to enforce these ordinances impartially, to require absolute compliance and to bring a city of sudden growth into complete obedience? Or, the imagination being equal to the effort, can one see the finish of the administration which did so attempt, or of the laws which were the basis of the effort? The administration would have been mobbed and the laws cast into outer darkness. This brings the question up to the legislator. It reaches the main issue of legislation for ornamentation, of four-flush lawmaking. It gets at the root of ornamental legislation — hasty, injudicious legislation, four-flushing legislation, and points straight to its effect on the citizens. I have shown that practically the entire city was in violation of law. That should indicate something as to the respect with which law was regarded.

I have shown the impracticability of enforcing these laws. They were the patchwork of twenty-five years during which period the city got its gigantic growth. That should indicate the lack of wisdom with which they were framed. These two should join together to form the text on which this subject is based. Injudicious legislation had produced wholesale violation.

I maintain that injudicious legislation is a growing evil. It is an unappreciated danger, one that has an honest face and an aspect that disarms suspicion. The four-flushing method which produces a code that cannot be enforced is as bad if not worse than graft.

Here was Chicago hampered by a set of laws which could only provoke disobedience. I said the Iroquois fire would have one lasting effect. It will. It has enabled the administration to force either a reasonable revision of laws or compliance with them.

Let it not be imagined that Chicago is the only community in which the lesson is needed. Were experts to examine a group of theatres in this city with a corresponding group of theatres in any other city in this country, and make an honest comparison, the local theatres would not suffer thereby. I doubt whether in any community the local ordinances have been more fully enforced both in spirit and in letter than in Chicago. Theatres are built in conformity with ordinances at that time in force. New provisions from time to time are added to a municipal code. In how many cities has compliance with these new enactments been fully and completely forced upon a long-established playhouse?

At the time of this writing every theatre in Chicago is closed. Public halls, churches and buildings are being closed. Laws are being revised. Structures are being changed to meet requirements. Without a great disaster this would have been impossible. One mitigating circumstance has to be considered. At the best, in a city where conditions have been as shifting as sands, where growth has been by leaps and bounds, a confusion of laws would necessarily result. Ordinances have had to run at full speed to keep up with the general progress, and in some cases their haste has been such that they have fallen over each other. But in later years this situation has not been met fairly and honestly. If it had been the citizen might carry himself differently with regard to the code. The situation has been complicated by the new evil of four-flushing, which has taught that disobedience is easier than obedience, and just as safe. Most of the laws are good. Many of them are too good. They make a presentable code book for a place in a library. They make bad tools for an executive to have in his hands.

Laws that should have been enforced absolutely could not be because they were hopelessly involved with laws which should not have been enforced except on the abstract theory that all laws should be enforced. And on this point an American public has very decided opinions. To make this theory a practical working rule will require more attention to common-sense on the part of the lawmakers.

Four-Flushing Even Worse than Graft

THE time has passed when an honest city council is a matter of curiosity — at least in Chicago. Citizens have come to acknowledge that, in the body of seventy aldermen who represent them in the council, the standard of personal honesty is as high as it would be among seventy business men collected from large business establishments. Graft has been weeded out of the legislative division of the city garden until it no longer chokes the enactment of law. It may be there in individual and scattered cases. It has been diminished to such an extent that it does not appear, and to such an extent that it does not interfere with the passage of ordinances or influence legislation.

Four-flushing, its successor, is flourishing. This finds its cause in a laudable desire on the part of aldermen. It is not to a man's discredit that he wishes his name connected with a piece of altruistic, beneficent legislation, plainly designed with good purposes in view and ostensibly for the benefit of the community.

I cannot be too hard with the aldermen, for my own critics at times have charged me with being somewhat inoculated with the virus of four-flushing. To be perfectly candid, were I in the witness-box under oath and asked to make complete confession I might be obliged to plead certain constitutional rights to protect myself against incrimination. It is not to the alderman's discredit, therefore, if he wish his name connected with such enactment. It is to his discredit when his sole object is to secure the specious credit which may come to him from an ordinance which, though plausible on paper, is useless as a tool.

It is not enough that a standard of honesty should be maintained among public officials. A standard of common-sense, equally high, must be demanded. After a community has become convinced that its public utility franchises will be given fairly and honestly to corporations, with adequate restrictions and adequate compensation to the city, after it has been convinced that legislation, once the field of graft, is being honestly enacted, then it must be convinced further that the laws enacted to govern the conduct of citizens in their private and public capacity have been drafted in common-sense and passed in good faith and are being executed without fear or favor.

Graft is involved in measures which have little direct effect on the lives of citizens. Four-flushing touches laws which relate almost entirely to personal conduct or affairs which directly touch the people. Of course it is impossible to separate the classes absolutely, but in general this holds true. Graft will be found in a street railway franchise; four-flushing in an ordinance relating to the health of the citizen, or to measures for his police protection.

Now, assume that graft has been eliminated as a factor to be considered in legislation. Four-flushing remains. The citizen knows that his street-car franchise will be honestly passed; but he knows further that when the council passes an ordinance forbidding him to do a certain thing the chances are even that the measure is not intended for enforcement.

The Effect of Four-Flushing on the Public

HIS attitude toward law gradually becomes that of a man who believes the passage of ordinances to be the necessary part of the duty of an alderman, a duty which the alderman must perform in order to present a "front" to his constituents and the city in general. To pass an ordinance is like making an oration. It is a pleasing testimonial to the high public spirit of the orator. After the speech has been delivered we take our coats and hats and go about our business as before. The fine flavor of personal and public enthusiasm it develops in the hearer is soon dissipated by the sordid realities of every-day life. An administration soon learns that to take all these measures seriously is a mistake. Occasionally it is recognized that the law is not intended for enforcement — officially admitted by the body which makes it a law. Such an ordinance was the "anti-spitting" measure passed by the Chicago city council. The alderman who introduced it and who secured passage for it, one of the ablest and most conscientious men who has ever served in the local lawmaking body, succeeded in this latter effort because he represented to his colleagues that it was not to be put in strict execution. No one was to be arrested for violating it. It was to be ornamental. More than that, he thought it would be useful as an "educational" measure. It would teach citizens that spitting on the sidewalk was wrong. The question arises: Which lesson did it teach more definitely — that spitting on the sidewalk is ill-mannered, or that law is something subject to individual interpretation and that some laws need not be obeyed? Yet this was one of the best of the four-flushing ordinances. It did aim to accomplish a purpose and has been useful to a certain degree toward this end.

Two years ago the council decided to take a step toward a better and more sanitary method of dealing with the problem of city refuse. After considerable consideration an ordinance was drawn, compelling the householder to make two separations of refuse and to provide metal receptacles for each. This is a task which must fall upon the residents at some time and the time seems to be approaching. There was no doubt that the measure was needed and that its execution would be for the betterment of the city. The ordinance was passed and became a law. The administration took it up seriously and earnestly. Policemen were detailed to make house to house canvasses in the wards, carrying books of instruction for the residents. With the appearance of the policemen and the booklets the householder saw symptoms of a real active law that would touch him and his pocket-book, that would cause him expense and put him to some trouble — all for the betterment of the community.

Subsequent events were swift and certain. Immediate orders were introduced in the city council staying the enforcement of the ordinance in certain wards. It took the council about half the time to reconsider and emasculate the ordinance that it had taken an aldermanic committee to draft it and get it passed. This excellent measure turned out to be a four-flushing ordinance of the worst type. The effect it had on the citizens who discovered how easy it was to change a law which did not suit them can be imagined.

The Midnight Closing Farce

A LAW in Chicago, similar to laws in other cities, requires the closing of saloons at midnight. It is doubtful if ever there has been a city council that intended this ordinance to be enforced. A test of this has been made with the present body. The aldermen have been asked to pass a new ordinance which would make the enforcement of midnight closing not only possible but almost certain. They have been asked to require that all saloon-keepers shall take down the screens and keep lights burning at the bar after midnight. If this provision were made a law it would be impossible for a saloon-keeper to violate the ordinance. This amendment after being recommended for passage by one committee without debate was sent to another committee where it peacefully sleeps. It is not necessary to discuss the ethics of the saloon business in considering the problem presented by this state of affairs. The question of whether or not saloons should be open after midnight need not be heeded. The issue is broader than that. Here is a law which is in the code. Every man who enters a saloon after midnight knows that he is violating law. He does not consider himself a law-breaker, because he thinks he has just as good a right to enter a saloon at 12:15 A. M. as he would have at 12:15 P. M. He cannot be persuaded of his own wickedness in taking a drink at a saloon at 12:15 A. M., unless it be equally wicked for the member of a prominent club to take a drink in a boulevard club-house at 12:30 A. M.

The aldermen will not repeal the ordinance which demands that the saloons close. They will not pass the one which provides an absolutely certain method of enforcing it. To repeal it would offend the citizens who are opposed to the saloon. To enact further would offend the other element.

Instance could be multiplied with instance to show the character of laws designed as ornaments and not as working tools. There are few citizens who do not know that to throw refuse in the streets is against the city ordinance. There is hardly a man who will refrain from tossing a piece of paper on the sidewalk or in the gutter. He feels safe in violating the law. If he stopped to reason out the cause for his feeling of security he would probably ease his conscience with the thought that an administration which attempted to enforce the ordinance absolutely would fill the police courts in an hour, and that the law would be repealed at the next meeting of the city council.

The ornamental legislator works with a superficial knowledge of current events and local needs. The former frequently give him ammunition with which to fire away at the

(Concluded on Page 24)

The Lady Noggs, Peeress.

A Variation in the Art of Poodle-Shaving

By Edgar Jepson

"DEAR, dear," said the Prime Minister. "This is very tiresome!" His secretary, Mr. Borrodaile, looked up from the volume of his chief's earlier speeches that he was searching for passages which must not be too flatly contradicted in the speech soon to embody the *volte-face* of that statesman's educational convictions, and said, "Another defection?"

"No. But the Princess of Meiningen-Schwerin has invited Felicia to live with her little daughter and be brought up with her."

"Poor dear Princess!" said Mr. Borrodaile with unaffected commiseration. "She's going to see life at last. If Nog— if Lady Felicia does not give her a fresh and deeper insight into the pretty ways of the happy Christian child I'll—I'll eat my new mashie."

"But why, I ask you, should she have hit upon Felicia, of all children?" said the Prime Minister.

"Unconscious attraction of unlikes," said Mr. Borrodaile with a grin. "Lady Felicia looks eighteenth-century, but she isn't; the Meiningen-Schwerins don't look eighteenth-century, but they are. Besides, it is an advantage that one of the richest heiresses in England should be their daughter's bosom friend; and if it ever comes to be a question of higher pension—and it always does come to be a question of higher pension, sooner or later—they will be able to get at you through her."

The Prime Minister frowned.

"I wonder how Lady Felicia will take it," said Mr. Borrodaile thoughtfully. "It's a pity these invitations are practically commands, and there's no way of getting out of them."

"At any other time I should have refused outright," said the Prime Minister with spirit. "But I'm very much out of favor already over this education business; and you know how these people hang together. I really don't think I can refuse."

"Just now it would be very awkward."

"You don't—don't think Lady Felicia will refuse?" said the Prime Minister with a note of almost timorous anxiety in his voice.

"I'm sure she will," said Mr. Borrodaile with conviction. "But you can leave that with Miss Cattermole; she will persuade her."

The Prime Minister sighed heavily; then he rang the bell and sent for the Lady Noggs. She was some time coming, for, owing to an unfortunate accident, the frock she was wearing was torn, and she had to put on another. When she came her brilliant beauty was the more vivid for an air of something like defiance, for she came expecting to hear that some misdeed had been brought to light, and ready for trouble.

The Prime Minister, in a somewhat uneasy and halting fashion, told her of the invitation and its imperative nature.

"Me?" cried the Lady Noggs with the liveliest disgust. "Me go and live with a Princess? I won't do anything so horrid! I'm sure she's a stuffy old thing!"

"Dear, dear!" said the Prime Minister. "I'm afraid I haven't made it plain that the requests of Royalty are commands."

"I don't care," said the Lady Noggs stubbornly. "They aren't going to command me! I sha'n't take any notice of it!"

"You wouldn't like to be disloyal, surely?" said the Prime Minister with a trivial artfulness.

"How can I be disloyal? This Princess is not the King. Why, she must be a German, with a funny name like that. And what's she got to do with me?"

"But wouldn't you like to live with a little girl of your own age, and have her always to play with?" said Mr. Borrodaile, artful in turn.

"No, I shouldn't! I don't like little girls—little sillies! I like grown-ups. And I like Stonorill. I'm all right here; and I don't want to go away."

"I'm afraid you'll have to; and, after all, the discipline of the Meiningen-Schwerin household will be good for you," said the Prime Minister with some firmness.

The Lady Noggs gazed at him for a moment in a speechless indignation; then she changed her tactics, burst into tears and wailed:

"You want to get rid of me! You want to get rid of me!"

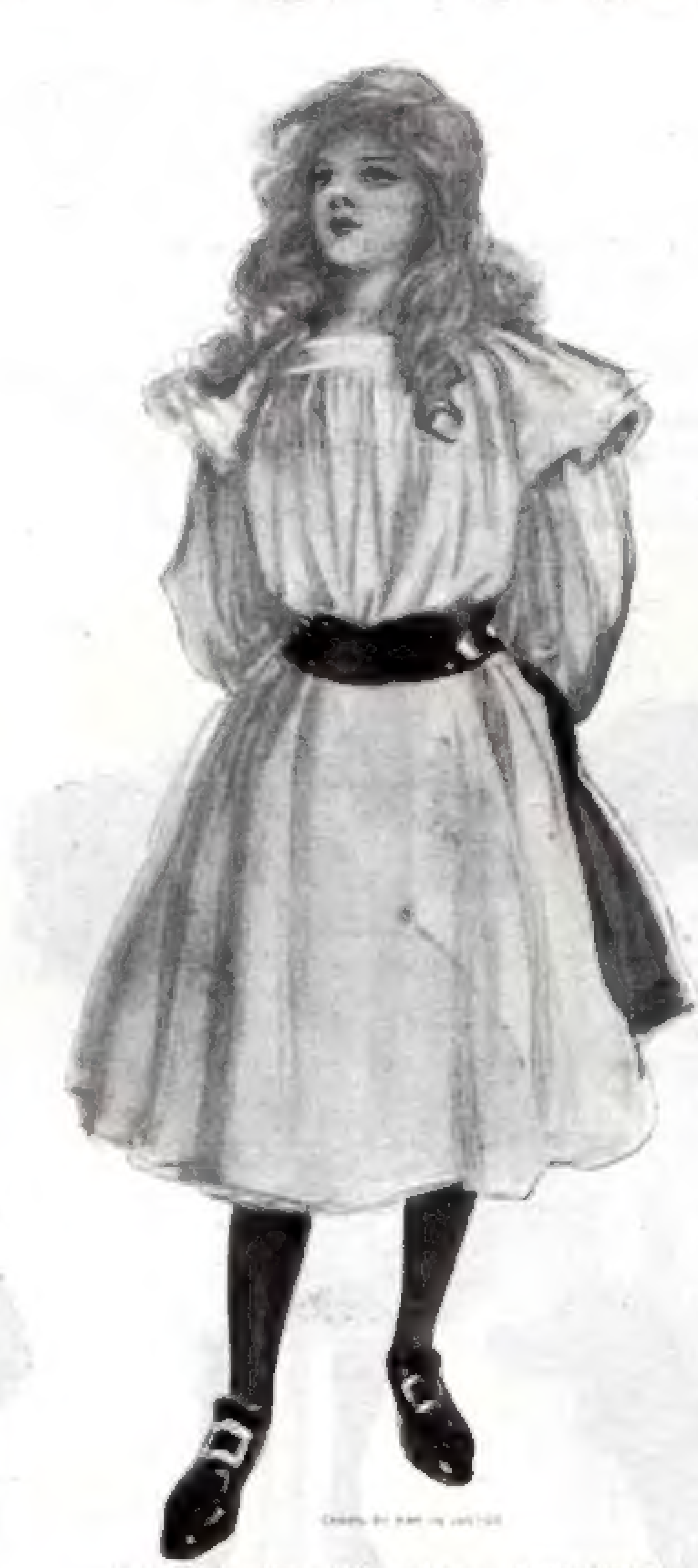
"Dear, dear, this is very distressing, and so unreasonable! I don't want to get rid of you at all, Felicia," said the Prime Minister.

"Oh, yes, you do!" wailed the Lady Noggs.

"Now, Noggs, don't humbug," said Mr. Borrodaile, who had learned to distinguish her occasional diplomatic tears from her very rare real ones.

"Humbug!" cried the Lady Noggs hotly. "All right; I'll pay you out for that, Billy! Anyhow, I won't go!" and she ran out of the room.

Editor's Note—This is one of a series of short stories, each independent in itself, about the adventures of Lady Noggs.



"ME GO AND LIVE WITH A PRINCESS?"

Having thus failed, the Prime Minister took Mr. Borrodaile's advice and put the matter into the hands of Miss Cattermole, the Lady Noggs' governess. That able young woman made an appeal to the child's affection for her uncle, assuring her that her refusal to accept this imperative invitation would injure him. She urged, also, that there was no harm in making a trial of the little court at Catford; that she might, after all, find it very nice. The Lady Noggs heard her out, looking at her with grave and serious eyes and puckering her brow. She did not answer at once; then she said with an old-fashioned thoughtfulness she sometimes showed:

"Of course, I can't do anything to hurt uncle. But I wish he didn't go in for those nasty politics. Look what a bother they are to him." She sighed, and then said in a more grudging tone, "But I'm only going to try it. If I can't stand it I shall chuck it. So there!"

Thankful to have prevailed, Miss Cattermole let the idiomatic language pass; but it was nearly a month before the arrangements were concluded. The Prince and Princess of Meiningen-Schwerin belonged to one of those obscure Anglo-German royal families whom grateful England pensions so lavishly for the distinguished service they have rendered her by being distant relations of George IV. Some seventy years' residence in that grateful country had not impaired the family's eighteenth-century attitude to the world; the present heads of it lived lapped very comfortably in the traditions of Frederick the Great, and followed his august example in the regulation of their little court. They were far more highly sensible of the extreme honor they were conferring on the Lady Noggs than any one else concerned, and they held out for their own terms. There was no difficulty about the matter of the allowance for the Lady Noggs' maintenance, though they fixed it in accordance with their high estimation of the privilege she was about to enjoy. But out of their distrust and dislike of everything English, which had obtained undiminished in the family since its immigration two generations ago, they would not hear of Miss Cattermole and her own maid coming with the Lady Noggs, declaring that the Baroness Pulvermacher, the governess of the little Princess Wilhelmina, had their full confidence, and was sufficient. Thanks to the support of Mr. Borrodaile, who wished the Lady Noggs, or, to be exact, Miss Cattermole, quickly back at Stonorill, they had their way in this also; and there was much simple, heartfelt joy in the royal household at the prospect of a further inflow of honest English gold. They reckoned without their guest.

The Lady Noggs suffered now and again from a fit of acute unhappiness at the thought of leaving Stonorill. The thoughtful and kindly Mr. Borrodaile found her in one of these a few days before her going.

"Look here, Noggs," he said. "Don't you be so miserable. You needn't be gone for long. Your uncle is not a bit keen on your going; and we shall all miss you—we shall know what peace is; and I dare say we sha'n't like it. If on trial you should prove unsatisfactory you would come back—the Princess would send you back."

The Lady Noggs dried her tears with a handkerchief that had suffered many vicissitudes, and looked at him with a dawning eagerness.

"But uncle?" she said. "Wouldn't it harm him? I mustn't do that."

"Not a bit!" said Mr. Borrodaile cheerfully. "He has accepted the invitation and sent you. What more could he do?"

The Lady Noggs drew a long-drawn breath, and said slowly, with shining eyes, "I see. Oh, I'll be *so* unsatisfactory. I'll see she sends me back all right."

Mr. Borrodaile grinned with a lively appreciation of what was in store for the little court, but he said gravely, "But mind you let them down gently, or you may spoil it."

The Lady Noggs nodded her head sagely. "I'll be careful," she said. And she went her way cheerful.

Mr. Borrodaile looked after her and said softly under his breath, "Poor, dear Princess. She'll learn to leave the Grandison family alone." Then he smiled a slow, Machiavellian smile.

For all Mr. Borrodaile's hint, the Lady Noggs took a tearful farewell of Stonorill; but she was far too proud to show any unhappiness when her uncle presented her to the Princess of Meiningen-Schwerin at Catford Palace. She met that good, stout, short lady with all the dignity of the head of the Grandisons. Her heart sank, indeed, when her uncle kissed her good-by; and when the door closed behind him she made one step toward it, then pulled herself together and said in a distinct but trembling voice:

"This is only a trial, you know."

The little eyes of the Princess opened to almost average size.

"A drial? Ach, yes," she said. "But it is not the coostom to address royal persons vurst. Attend me to ze Baroness Pulvermacher; she will instrooct you. A drial—ach, yes."

She did not know how much of a trial.

The Princess led the way to a little room at the back of the palace, entered, and said, "Here is the little Englanderin," went out, shut the door, and left the Lady Noggs standing inside it, gazing at her new play-fellow and her new governess.

Nature had not been kind to the Princess Wilhelmina: she was a stumpy child with a square face of such amplitude that her dot of an upturned nose was but little of a relief to the wide expanse, a very small kopje in a very large veldt. Her little eyes and almost lipless mouth showed rather more ill-humor than intelligence. As for the Baroness Pulvermacher, Nature had plainly intended her for a Pomeranian grenadier, and changed her mind at the very last moment, when it was too late for anything to be done.

The pair stared at the Lady Noggs in a somewhat ill-mannered and unamiable fashion, and the Lady Noggs surveyed them with an unfeigned indifference. Then the Baroness Pulvermacher croaked: "How do you do, leedle Englanderin?"

"How do you do?" said the Lady Noggs coldly, and she walked to an easy chair and sat down.

"Ach! Vot ees dat you do?" cried the Baroness. "You do not seet yourselfs in de bresence of the Brincess Wilhelmina till she geef you permizion!"

"I have the right to sit in the presence of the King," said the Lady Noggs, asserting her privilege as head of the family of Grandison.

"Vot ees dat do us? Brincess Wilhelmina is a Sherman Brincess! Geet oop! geet oop! ad vonce!"

The Lady Noggs sat still and said nothing.

The Baroness bounced out of her chair, rushed to her and dragged her up; the Lady Noggs sank limply to the carpet. The Baroness dragged her up again; there was some entanglement of their feet, and the Baroness sat down on the floor with a violence that shook the room—there was a good deal of her to sit down. The little Princess broke into cackling laughter, for she thought that the Baroness had hurt herself badly.

The Baroness rose with a dazed air, looked at the Lady Noggs who was sitting once more in the easy chair, and went thoughtfully back to her seat at the table, from which she gazed at her new charge with dazed eyes.

"I like you," said the Princess Wilhelmina to the Lady Noggs. "You may kizz mine 'and."

"I only kiss the King's hand or the Queen's," said the Lady Noggs ungratefully.

"I'll dell mamma eef you don't!" said the Princess.

"Are you a sneak?" said the Lady Noggs coldly.

"Ach, Gott! Ach, Gott! Vot to uz ees going to 'appen?" panted the Baroness. "You veel be vipped, you—you little Englanderin!"

"You couldn't do it!" cried the Lady Noggs hotly, flushing. "And, if you did, my uncle would take me away at once!"

The Baroness glared and drummed a little wildly on the table: they could not lose the Lady Noggs. The sound of a gong proved a welcome diversion. "Dat's loonch; come along, Englanderin!" cried the Princess Wilhelmina.

She took the arm of the Lady Noggs and dragged her out of the room and down the stairs. Half-way down she bethought herself to pinch her arm viciously; and on the instant the Lady Noggs retorted with a tug which loosened half the hairs in her head.

"Ow! Ow! Ow!" squealed Wilhelmina. "The Englanderin has bulled mine 'air! Ow! Ow! Ow!"

The Princess, the Prince, two ladies in waiting, an equerry and four poodles burst pell-mell from the dining-room and began to console their squealing darling. When the squeals hushed they turned on the Lady Noggs in furious upbraiding.

"It's all right," said the Lady Noggs. "She pinched me and I pulled her hair. It was quite fair."

"Mein Gott!" cried the Prince, raising his fat hands to heaven; "is eet a leedle teffil we haf amoongsd uz?"

In time quiet was restored, Wilhelmina's tears were dried, and they went into the dining-room. The Prince and Princess, with Wilhelmina between them, sat on one side of the table; on the other sat the four poodles on high nursery chairs; the ladies in waiting, the equerry, the Lady Noggs and the Baroness stood on one side in graceful, silent attendance while the servants fed the royal family and the royal family fed the poodles. The Lady Noggs was somewhat wearied; she could not follow the slow talk of the Prince and Princess, for they talked in German; the entertainment afforded by their uncouth and noisy fashion of eating soon palled; and she could find no mischief to busy her idle hands. The poodles alone interested her; and she gathered that they were named, in a singular but doubtless complimentary spirit, after the four leading sovereigns of Europe, Edward, William, Franz Joseph and Alexander. She grew very tired of the royal meal, for it not only seemed interminable, but as it went on the atmosphere grew heavier and heavier with the steamy smell of boiled sausage and stuffed poodle.

Perhaps it daunted her; for all the afternoon she was quiet, playing with Wilhelmina and making friends with the poodles; and peace reigned in Catford Palace. All the next day, too, she was quiet, though her spirit chafed at the tedious and absurd old-world etiquette, which seemed the very savor of existence to the Prince and Princess; chafed, too, at the needless dullness of the life and at the appalling stuffiness of the palace. Truly, it seemed as if none of the windows had been opened since grateful England imported and established the original British Meiningen-Schwerins in it seventy years ago. Wilhelmina seemed the stupidest playmate who ever irritated an intelligent child; and the Baroness was even more tiresome. That night the Lady Noggs made up her mind that she had done all the letting down gently she possibly could, and the time had come to be firm and unsatisfactory.

The troubles of the Royal House of Meiningen-Schwerin began early next day. The children had been out in the garden. The Lady Noggs came to breakfast in a state of spotless cleanliness; but the Princess Wilhelmina had apparently had a difference with a duck-pond, for she was wet to the waist, brown with mud and green with duckweed. The outcry rose to the skies. The Princess Wilhelmina protested that they had but been gathering water-lilies and she had fallen in; the Lady Noggs cried with an anguished plaintiveness, "How could I help it? She's such a silly little girl!"

"Seely! Seely! Mine Wilhelmina? A Princess of ze house of Meiningen-Schwerin seely?" cried the Prince. "Ees eet a barbarian child we haf amoongsd uz?"

Then in the middle of breakfast the poor Baroness was observed to be struggling frantically to pluck the Lady Noggs from a chair on which she was firmly seated; and there followed a wrangle about the privilege of the head of the Grandison family which left the Prince and Princess crimson with wounded vanity. Later in the meal they were terrified out of their wits by their little daughter's strenuous effort to choke herself with her coffee, an effort induced, as she explained, by the agreeable but curious face the Lady Noggs made at her while she was drinking. Once more the torrent of royal wrath swept fruitlessly round that sturdy British rock; and the Royal House rose from its breakfast unbecomingly heated.

In the schoolroom the Baroness told the Lady Noggs to write a nice letter to her uncle, and was agreeably surprised by the briskness with which she set about it. When she next looked up from teaching Wilhelmina, the Lady Noggs had finished the letter and was closing the envelope. She reached forward, took it from her hand and began to open it carefully, so as not to waste the envelope.

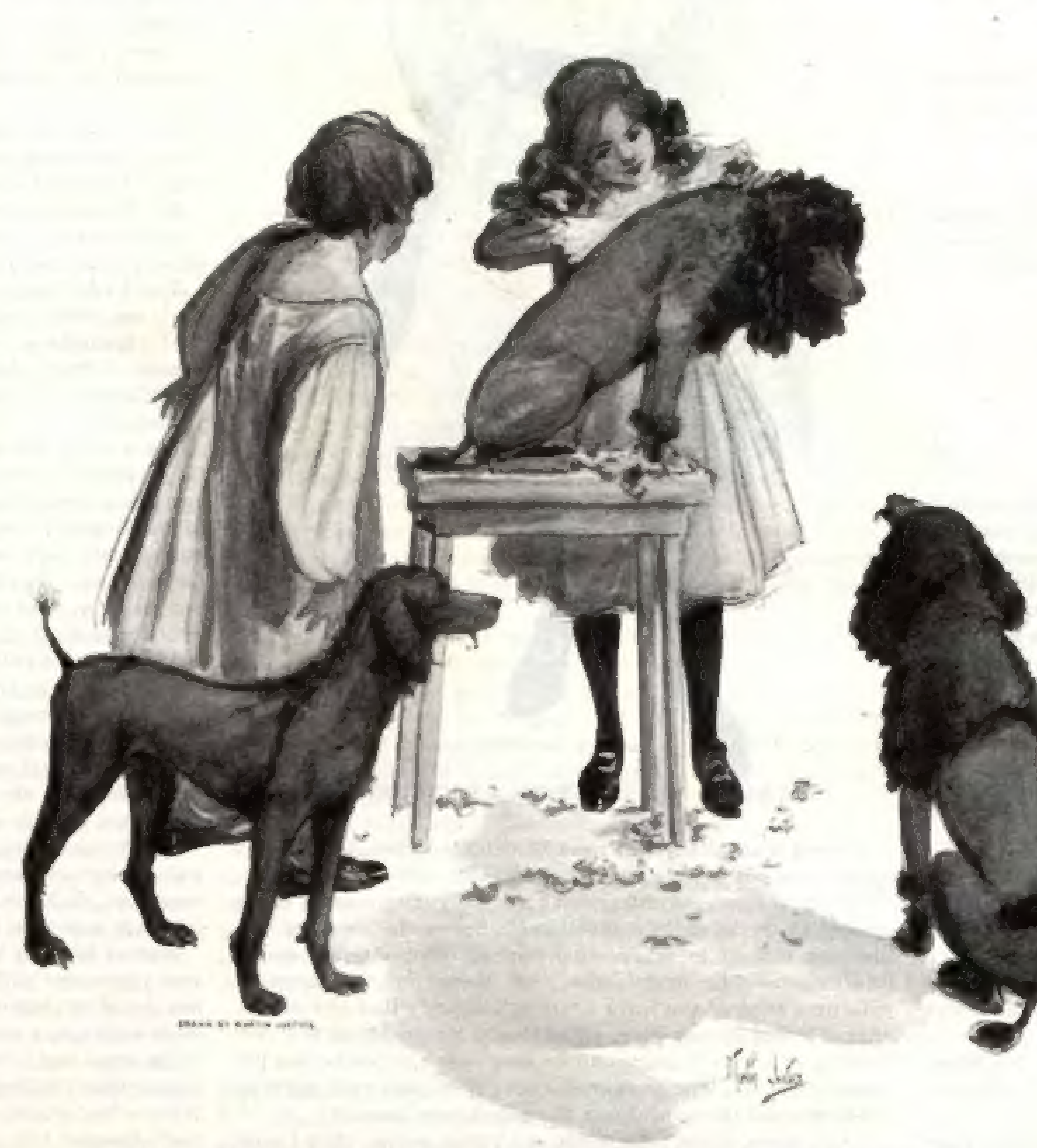
"You're not going to read my letter!" cried the Lady Noggs, opening her eyes wide in her surprise.

"Ach, and why not?" said the Baroness in equal surprise.

"Letters are private."

The Baroness smiled disdainfully: "Not the letters of leedle girls."

"It's dishonorable," said the Lady Noggs curtly.



"THE REQUESTS OF ROYALTY ARE COMMANDS," SAID THE LADY NOGGS

The Baroness scowled and flushed: "Ach, you do von vipping vant," she said with fervent conviction.

She took the letter gingerly from the envelope and read:

> *Darling Uncle:* I miss you very much. These people are pigs they are really you should hear them eat. They talk with their mouthfuls and Vilhellmeena is the silliest little girl you ever saw. I cannot make her play sensible and I could not help her falling into the pond. Give my love to Billy and Japp there is only poodels here. Your loving niece, NOGGS.

The Baroness rose gasping, with a very red face, and hurried off to the Princess for instructions. The Lady Noggs scowled after her; then her face cleared, and she said quickly, "I don't like these plain red tablecloths, do you? Let's make patterns on it with the ink."

When the Baroness returned with the letter in fragments the Princess Wilhelmina was immersed in this entrancing occupation; incidentally she had made patterns on her frock, her hands, her face and her hair. The Lady Noggs, though her fingers itched to take their share in the joyous task, had wisely confined herself to superintending her efforts.

The Baroness fairly yelled at the sight of her piebald charge; and, after she had her cleaned, sat for the rest of the morning with her eyes fixed on the Lady Noggs in an unwavering watch, breathing heavily through the nose. Half an hour before luncheon, however, her vocation of secretary to the Prince interrupted her vigilance. Wilhelmina joyously told the Lady Noggs that the poodles were being shaved; and they hurried upstairs to see the process. They watched it for some time with great pleasure; then the poodle-shaver was summoned away to have dinner with the servants, and the children were left alone with the dogs.

The Lady Noggs, very naturally, had a pair of his clippers in her hand before the door closed behind him, and was working the handles with a cold, calculating eye on the frisking pets.

"I don't see the use of all those topknots and ruffs," she said slowly. "I'm sure they'd look much nicer plain—not so foreign, you know."

"Yes, wouldn't they?" said the Princess Wilhelmina.

"We might clip one and see," said the Lady Noggs.

"Oh, let's!" said the Princess Wilhelmina.

"The requests of Royalty are commands," said the Lady Noggs with a quaint smile.

There were two pairs of clippers; one dog led to another; and in eight crowded minutes of glorious life the happy children clipped every vestige of wool off their dumb friends; they had them barer than shorn sheep.

They were smiling happily at one another over their completed work when the gong for luncheon sounded and the poodles ran to the door. The children put back the clippers among the rest of the poodle-shaver's instruments, swept the shorn wool neatly together, opened the door and ran downstairs on the heels of the poodles.

The intelligent animals trotted into the dining-room in a body. At the sight of them the pleasant smiles of appetite froze on the large, round faces of the Prince and Princess, and the mouths of their train opened.

With an anguished cry of "Mine angels! Mine poor angels!" the Princess sank back gasping.

The Prince spat half a dozen z's and clutched at his collar with every symptom of imminent apoplexy.

"We thought they'd look better plain," said the Lady Noggs in pretty, shy apology.

Their ladies and gentlemen sprang to the aid of the Prince and Princess: smelling-salts were applied to her; his well-rounded neck was freed from the collar.

When the tumult of the helpers died the Prince sat staring stonily at his bare favorites, but the Princess with a splendid effort got to her feet, tottered across the room, and boxed feebly at the Lady Noggs' ears.

The Lady Noggs caught the plump royal hand neatly on her sharp knuckles, and cried fiercely: "How dare you?"

"Begone! Begone!" cried the Princess, pointing to the door.

"Dake her away, dake her away!" groaned the Prince.

The Lady Noggs gave herself a little shake, and seemed to shake down her anger to a fine, cold dignity. "I'm going," she said in a clear voice. "And I'm very glad to go. I don't want to stay with dishonorable foreigners who read other people's letters and eat like pigs."

The silence of blank horror fell on the little court as she went out of the room and carefully shut the door.

The Lady Noggs had the last word.

❧

Virtue Its Own Reward

REPRESENTATIVE GLASS, of Virginia, and Representative Sims, of Tennessee, had a discussion about a ruling by Speaker Cannon. Glass contended that the ruling was right and should be upheld by the Democrats, while Sims said he intended to vote to sustain an appeal.

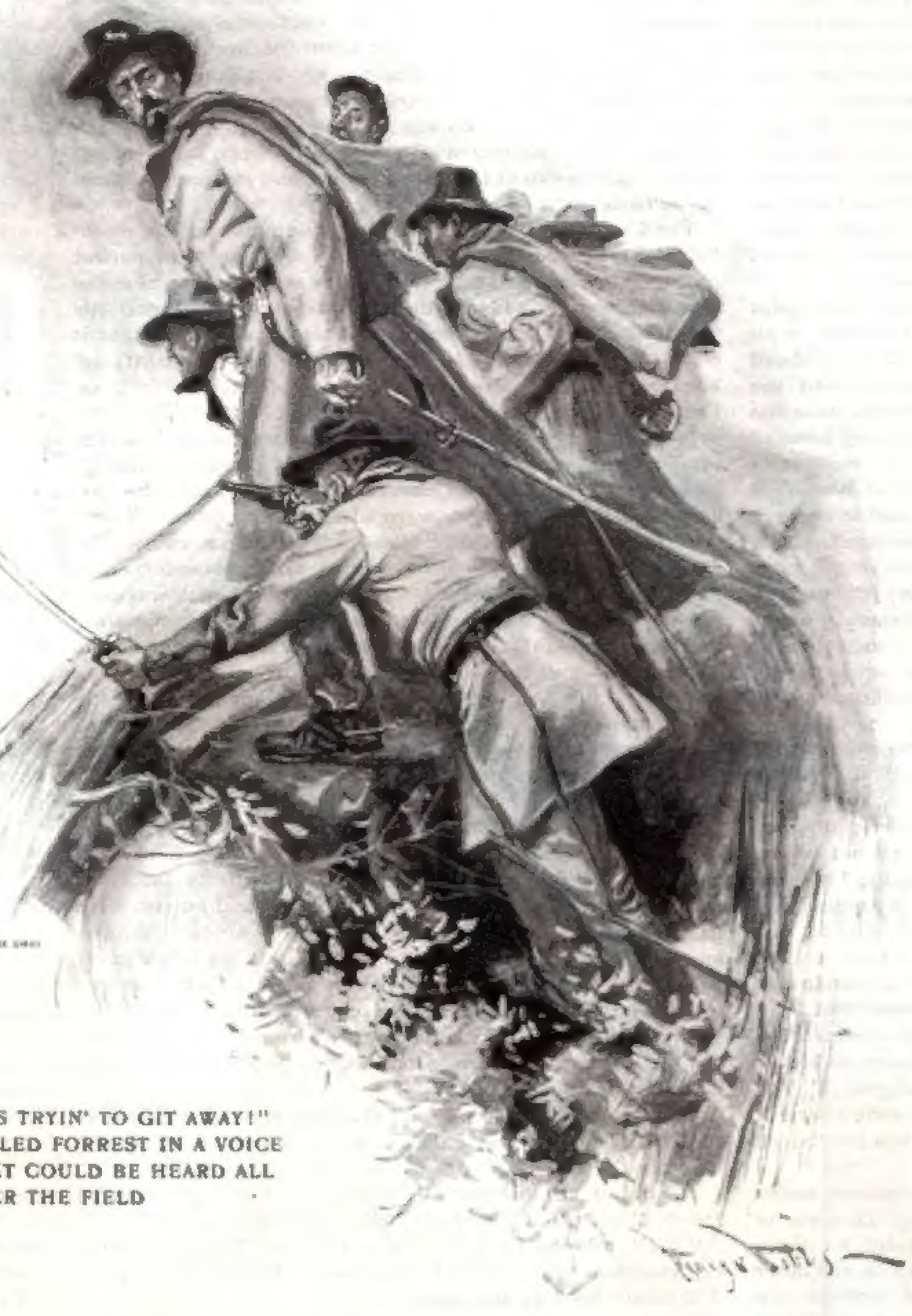
"Because," said Sims, "I have been taught to do it by my observations in this House of Representatives. I remember once when a brilliant man from Georgia came here as a Representative. He knew all about parliamentary practice, and his convictions were so firm that he was often moved to vote against his party when he thought the opposition right."

"Well?" said Glass.

"He isn't in Congress now," answered Sims.

A LITTLE UNION SCOUT.

By Joel Chandler Harris



"HE'S TRYIN' TO GIT AWAY!" YELLED FORREST IN A VOICE THAT COULD BE HEARD ALL OVER THE FIELD

A YOUNG lady, just returned from college, was making a still-hunt in the house for old things — old furniture, old china and old books. She had a craze for the antique, and the older things were the more precious they were in her eyes. Among other things she found an old scrapbook that her mother and I thought was safe under lock and key. She sat in a sunny place and read it page by page, and, when she had finished, her curiosity was aroused. The clippings in the old scrapbook were all about the adventures of a Union scout whose name was said to be Captain Frank Leroy. The newspaper clippings that had been preserved were queerly inconsistent. The Northern and Western papers praised the scout very highly, and some of them said that if there were more such men in the army the cause of the Union would progress more rapidly; whereas the Southern papers, though paying a high tribute to the dash and courage of the scout, were highly abusive. He was "one of Lincoln's hirelings" and as villainous as he was bold.

The girl graduate at once jumped to the conclusion that there was a story behind the old scrapbook, else why should it be preserved by her father, who had been a Confederate soldier? This idea no sooner took shape than she became insistently inquisitive. As for her father, the very sight of the scrapbook awoke the echoes of a hundred experiences — long and dangerous rides in the lonely night, battles, sharp skirmishes and bitter sufferings.

The story, such as it was, took shape in my mind, and I am afraid that the young girl had small difficulty in persuading me to tell it. Memory brought before me the smiling features of Harry Herndon, my lifelong friend and comrade, the handsome face of Jack Bledsoe, one of our college mates from Missouri, and the beautiful countenance of his sister, Katherine Bledsoe. These and a hundred other faces came crowding from the past, and the story was told almost before I knew it.

When Harry Herndon and I went to the wars we were somewhat belated. The excitement of '61 found us at college, where we had orders to remain until we had finished the course, and the orders came from one whom we had never dared to disobey — Harry's grandmother. And then, when we were ready to go, she cut in ahead of our plans and sent us to the West with letters to General Dabney Maury, whom she had known when he was a boy and later when he was a young officer in the regular army.

We were not ill-equipped for two raw youngsters; we had Whistling Jim, the negro, three fine horses, and more money than I had ever seen before. We went to General Dabney and were most courteously received. The Virginia Herndons — Harry belonged to the Maryland branch — were related to him — and he liked the name. We caught the barest glimpse of service at Corinth, and were fortunate enough to be in a few skirmishes, where we distinguished ourselves by firing at nothing whatever.

In the course of a few weeks General Dabney was made commander of the Department of the Gulf, with headquarters at Mobile, where we saw service as clerks and accountants. For my part, the life suited me passing well, but Harry Herndon fretted so that we were soon transferred to the command of General Forrest, who was sadly in need of men. As it happened, we had little difficulty in finding our man. We had heard that he was in the neighborhood of Chattanooga, giving his men and horses a much-needed rest; but on the way news came to us that, in spite of his brilliant achievements in the field, he had been deprived of the choicest regiments of his brigade — men whom he had trained and seasoned. After this mutilation of his brigade he had been ordered to Murfreesborough to recruit and organize a new brigade.

Toward Murfreesborough, therefore, we made our way, falling in with a number of Forrest's men who had been on a brief visit to their homes in Alabama and were now returning to their command. As we shortly discovered, the Union commanders in Tennessee mistook General Forrest's movement to the neighborhood of Chattanooga for a retreat; for, shortly after he moved in that direction, an ambitious Federal officer asked and received permission to enter Northern Alabama with a force large enough to worry the Confederate leader if he could be found. The organization and equipment of this force required a longer time than the Federal commander had counted on, and by the time it was ready to move General Forrest, with the remnant of his command, was on his way to Murfreesborough.

In some way — the sources of his information were as mysterious as his movements — General Forrest learned that a Federal force was making its way toward Northern Alabama. He did not hesitate to turn his attention to this force. Within a very short time he had followed and overtaken it, passing it on a road that lay parallel to its line of march. Then it was that the Federal commander began to hear rumors and reports all along his route that Forrest was making a rapid retreat before him. It was stated that his men were discontented and that the condition of his horses was something terrible.

One day, along toward evening, the Federal commander went into camp in the neighborhood of a wooded hill that commanded the approach from the south. He felt sure that the next day would witness the rout and capture of the Confederate who had for so long harassed the Federals in Tennessee. As he came to the hill he passed within a few hundred yards of Forrest's men, who were concealed in the woods. The Federals went into camp, while Forrest, leaving a part of his command in the enemy's rear, silently passed around his right flank.

Now it happened that Harry Herndon and myself, accompanied by Whistling Jim and the companions we had picked up on the way, were coming up from the south. It happened also that we were following the road leading through the valley to the left of the hill on which the opposing forces were stationed. It was very early in the morning, and as we rode along there was not a sound to be heard save the jingling of our bridles.

The valley had more length than breadth, and was shaped something like a half-moon, the road following the contour of the crescent. We had not proceeded more than a hundred yards along the road within the compass of the valley when a six-pounder broke the silence with a bang, and a shell went hurtling through the air. It seemed to be so uncomfortably near that I involuntarily ducked my head.

"Marse Cally Shannon," said Whistling Jim, the negro, addressing me, "what you reckon make dem white folks bang aloose at we-all, when we ain't done a blessed thing? When it come ter dat, we ain't ez much ez speaken ter um, an' here dey come, bangin' aloose at us. An' mo' dan dat, ef dat ar bung shell had 'a' hit somebody, it'd 'a' fetched sump'n mo' dan blood."

Whistling Jim's tone was plaintive, but he seemed no more frightened than Harry was. Following the bang of the gun came the sharp rattle of musketry. We learned afterward that this firing occurred when the advance guard of the Federal commander collided with Forrest's famous escort. We had no idea of the result of the collision, or that there had been a collision. We had paused to make sure of our position and whereabouts. Meanwhile, the little six-pounder was barking away furiously, and presently we heard a strident voice cut the morning air: "Go and tell Freeman to put his battery right in on that gun. I give you five minutes."

"That's our man!" cried one of the troopers who had fallen in with us on our journey. Joy shone in his face as he urged his horse forward, and we followed right at his heels. In a moment we saw him leap from his horse and throw the bridle reins to a trooper who was holding a string of horses. We gave ours to Whistling Jim to hold and ran forward with the man we had been following.

We came right upon General Forrest — I knew him from the newspaper portraits, poor as they were. He was standing with his watch in his hand. He looked us over with a coldly critical eye, but gave us no greeting. He replaced the watch in his pocket and waved his hand to a bugler who was standing expectantly by his side. The clear notes rang out, and instantly there ensued a scene that baffles description. There was a rush forward, and Harry and I were carried with it.

I could hear loud commands and shouting, and the rattle of carbines, muskets and pistols made my ears numb — but what happened, or when or where, I could no more tell you than the babe at its mother's breast. I could only catch glimpses of the fighting through the smoke, and though I was as close to General Forrest as any of his men — right by his side, in fact — I could not tell you precisely what occurred. I could hear cries and curses and the explosion of firearms, but beyond that all was mystery.

I had time during the mêlée to take note of the actions of General Forrest, and I observed that a great change had come over him. His face, which was almost as dark as an Indian's when in perfect repose, was now inflamed with passion and almost purple. The veins on his neck stood out as though they were on the point of bursting, and his blazing eyes were bloodshot. Above the din that was going on all around him his voice could be heard by friend and foe alike. I cannot even describe my own feelings.

A courier rode up. He had lost his hat, and there was a spot of blood on his chin. He reported that the Federals were making a desperate effort on the extreme right. "He's tryin' to git away!" yelled Forrest in a voice that could be heard all over the field. "Tell Freeman to take his guns thar and shove 'em in right on top of 'em. We've got the bulge on 'em here, and we're coming right along."

And, sure enough, we began to find less and less resistance in front of us, and presently I could see the enemy running out into the valley, filling the road by which we had come.

II

NO PURSUIT was made at the time, and the Federals, finding that they were not harried, proceeded in a leisurely way toward the river. We followed slowly and at night went into camp, the men and horses getting a good rest. Scouts were coming in to make reports at all hours of the night, so that it was practically true, as one of the old campaigners remarked, that a horse .couldn't whicker in the enemy's camp " but what the General 'd hear it sooner or later."

Early the next morning we were on the road, and I had time for reflecting that, after all, war was not a matter of flags and music. The General was very considerate, however — a fact that was due to a letter that General Maury had intrusted to Harry Herndon's care. We were permitted to ride as temporary additions to General Forrest's escort, and he seemed to single us out from among the rest with various little courtesies, which I imagined was something unusual.

He was somewhat inquisitive about Whistling Jim, Harry's body-servant, who he thought was a little too free and easy with white men. But he seemed satisfied when Harry told him that the negro's forebears for many generations back had belonged to the Herndons. We halted for a light dinner, and when we had finished General Forrest made a careful inspection of his men as they filed into the road.

We had gone but a few miles when we came to a point where the roads forked. On one he sent a regiment, with Freeman's battery, with instructions to reach the river ahead of the Federals and hold the ford at all hazards until the main body could come up. This done, we swung into the road that had been taken by the Federals and went forward at a somewhat brisker pace.

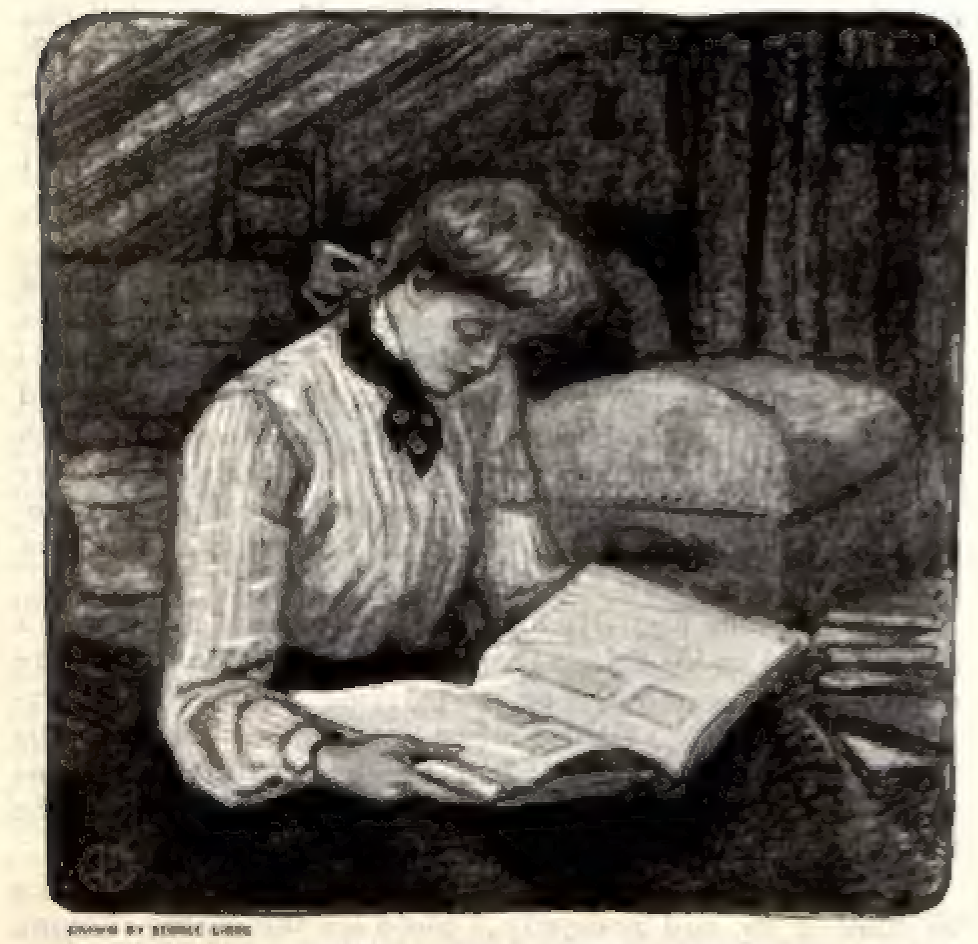
" I'm going to give your nigger the chance of his life," remarked General Forrest somewhat grimly, " and he'll either fling up his hands and go to the Yankees, or he'll take to the woods."

" He may do one or the other," replied Harry; " but if he does either I'll be very much surprised." General Forrest laughed; he was evidently very sure that a negro would never stand up before gun-fire. A scout came up to report that the Federals were moving much more rapidly than they had moved in the morning.

" I reckon he's got wind of the column on the other road," the General commented. "I allowed he'd hear of it. He's a mighty smart man, and he's got as good men as can be found — Western fellows. If he had known the number of my men in the woods back yander he'd 'a' whipped me out of my boots." And then his eye fell again on Whistling Jim, who was laughing and joking with some of the troopers. He called to the negro in stern tones, and ordered him to ride close to his young master. " We are going to have a little scrimmage purty soon, and a nigger that's any account ought to be right where he can help his master if he gets hurt."

Whistling Jim's face, which had grown very serious when he heard his name called by the stern commander, suddenly cleared up and became illuminated by a broad grin. " You hear dat, Marse Harry!" he exclaimed. "I'm gwine in right behime you!" He reflected a moment, and then uttered an exclamation of " Well, suh!"

About four o'clock in the afternoon the troopers under General Forrest came in contact with Federals. This was in the nature of a surprise to the Union commander, for there were persistent reports that Forrest had passed on the other road, with the evident intention of harrying the Federals at a point where they had no intention of crossing. So confident was he that these reports were trustworthy that he was seriously considering the advisability of detaching a force sufficiently large to capture the Confederate. He therefore paid small attention to the attacks on his rear guard. But presently the pressure became so serious that he sent a member of his staff to investigate it.



SHE SAT IN A SUNNY PLACE AND READ IT PAGE BY PAGE

Before the officer could perform this duty the rear guard was compelled to retreat on the main body in the most precipitate manner. Then the attack ceased as suddenly as it begun, and the Federal commander concluded that, under all the circumstances, it would be best to cross the river and get in touch with his base of supplies.

He went forward as rapidly as his troops could march, and he had a feeling of relief when he came in sight of the river. It was higher than it had been when he crossed it three or four days before, but still fordable; but as his advance guard began to cross, Freeman's battery, operated by young Morton, opened on them from the ambuscade in which it had been concealed. The thing to do, of course, was to charge the battery and either capture it or silence it, and the Federal commander gave orders to that effect. But Forrest, looking at the matter from a diametrically opposite point of view, knew that the thing to do was to prevent the capture of the battery, and so he increased the pressure upon the Federal rear to such an extent that his opponent had no time to attend to the battery.

The Union commander was a very able man and had established a reputation as a good fighter. So now, with perfect coolness, he managed to present a very strong front where the rear had been, and he made desperate efforts to protect his flank. But he was too late. Forrest said afterward that it was as pretty a move as he had ever seen, and that if it had been made five minutes sooner it would probably have saved the day.

Just as the movement was about to be completed it was rendered useless by the charge of Forrest's escort, a picked body of men, led by the General in person. Under the circumstances, such charges were always irresistible. Before the Federals could recover, the Confederate commander, by means of a movement so sudden that no commander could have foreseen it, joined his force with that which was supporting Freeman's battery and charged all along the line, bringing the eight and twelve pounders right to the front. No men, however brave, could stand before a battery at close range, and the inevitable result ensued — they got out of the way, and stood not on the order of their going. They floundered across the river as best they could, and if they had not been American troops they would have been demoralized and rendered useless for fighting purposes; but, being what they were, they showed their courage on many a hard-fought field as the war went on.

When night fell we retired a mile or two from the river and went into camp. Forrest was in high good humor. He had accomplished all that he had set out to accomplish, and more. He had emphasized the fact that it was dangerous work for the Federals to raid Northern Alabama while he was in striking distance, and he had captured army stores and secured horses that were comparatively fresh. The most welcome capture was the arms, for many of his men were armed with flintlock muskets.

He was very talkative. " That nigger of yours done about as well as any of the balance of us," he said to Harry Herndon.

" I didn't see him at all during the fighting," replied Harry, " but I told him you'd have him shot if he ran."

" Well, he went right in," remarked the General, " and I expected him to go over to the Yankees. Maybe he'd 'a' gone if it hadn't been for the water."

At that moment we heard Whistling Jim calling, " Marse Harry! Marse Cally Shannon!" I answered him so that he could find us, and he came up puffing and blowing. A red handkerchief was tied under his chin and over his head.

" Marse Harry!" he exclaimed, " kin I see you an' Marse Cally Shannon by yo'se'f? I done done sump'n dat you'll sho kill me 'bout."

" Well, don't make any secret of it," said I. " Out with it!" exclaimed Harry.

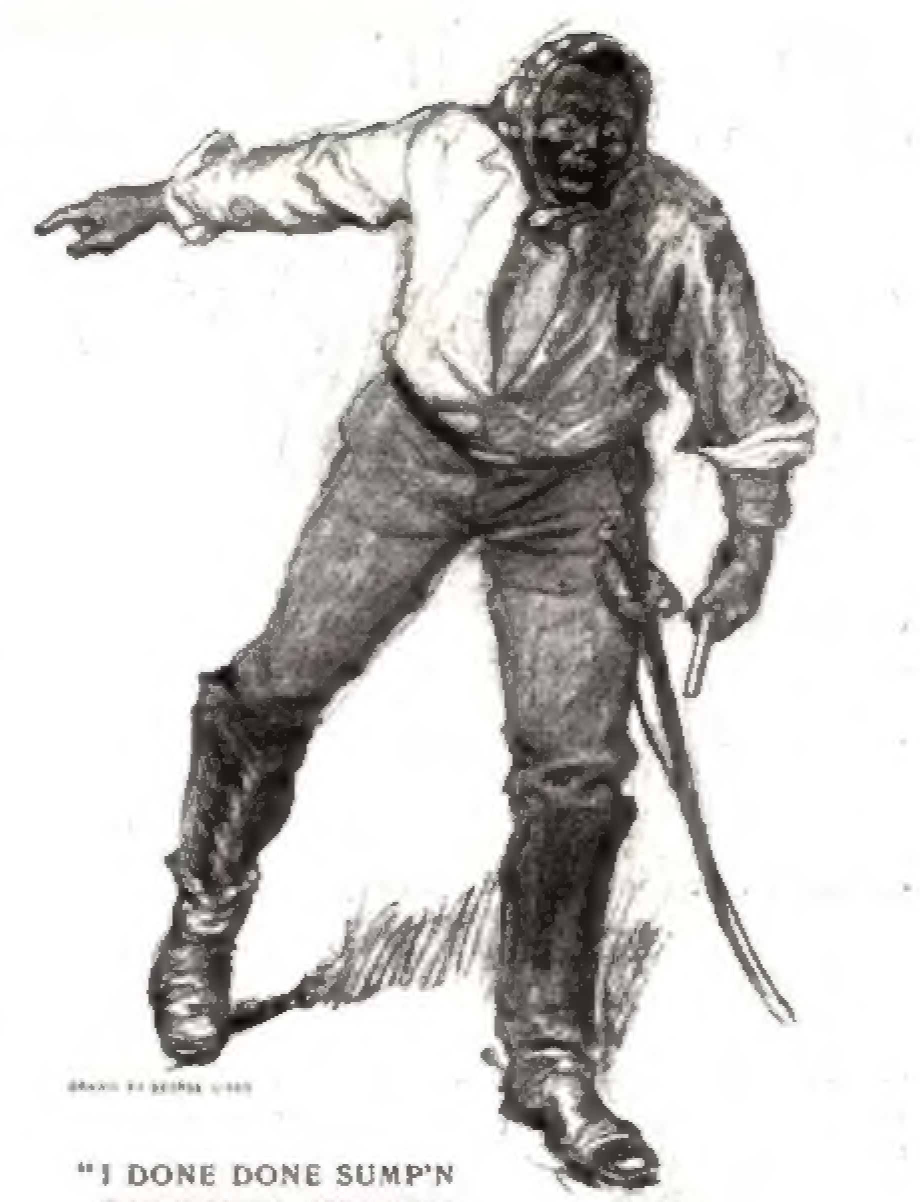
" Marse Harry, I done gone an' shot Marse Jack Bledsoe."

" Good Heavens!" cried Harry.

" Yasser, I done shot 'im, an' he's bad hurt, too. You know dat las' time we went at um? Well, suh, I wuz shootin' at a man right at me, an' he knock my han' down des ez I pull de trigger, an' de ball cotch him right 'twix de hip an' de knee. He call me by my name, an' den it come over me dat we done got mix' up in de shuffle an' dat I wuz shootin' at you. But 'twuz Marse Jack Bledsoe; I know'd 'im time I look at 'im good."

" Good Heavens! Is he dead?" inquired Harry, his voice shaking a little in spite of himself.

" He ain't dead yit, suh," replied Whistling Jim. " I got down off'n my hoss an' pick 'im up an' take 'im out er de paff er de rucus, an' den when you-all done des ez much shootin' an' killin' ez you wanter, I went back an' put 'im on my hoss an' tuck 'im ter dat little house by de river. Dey's a white lady dar, an' she say she'll take keer un' 'im twel somebody come. Does you reckon any er his side gwineter come back atter 'im, Marse Harry? Kaze ef dey don't, I dunner what de name er goodness he gwineter do. Dar he is, an' dar he'll lay. I'm done sick er war ef you call dis war — you hear me!"



"I DONE DONE SUMP'N DAT YOU'LL SHO KILL ME 'BOUT"

Harry said nothing, but I knew he was thinking of the fair Katherine, Jack's sister, and wondering if he would ever be to her what she was to him. He had his face in his hands, and appeared ready to give way to grief. General Forrest turned to an orderly; " Go fetch Grissom here; tell him to come right away." The surgeon soon came, General Forrest told Whistling Jim to lead the way, and we were soon riding through the night in the direction of the river.

III

A FINE mist was falling, and the night was so dark that we would never have found our way but for a small dog whose inhospitable bark directed us to the cabin. The dog was so disturbed by our approach that a woman opened the door to see what the trouble could be. We found Jack Bledsoe on a pallet, and we saw at a glance that the woman had administered such remedies as common-sense and experience had taught her would allay the fever of a wound. He recognized us at once, and Harry could hardly keep back his tears when he saw his college chum lying helpless on the floor. He supported Jack's head while the surgeon was examining the wound.

" You are here sooner than I thought," said Jack, gripping Harry's hand hard, " but I knew you would come — I knew it. And there is Carroll Shannon," he went on, holding out a hand to me. " You never were very fond of me, Carroll, but I always liked you."

I hardly knew what to say, and therefore I said nothing. I could only take his hand in mine and give him a grip that would tell him more than words could tell. " Don't worry, old fellow," Jack continued, observing the expression of grief and anxiety in Harry Herndon's countenance. " It's all owing to the way the cards fall. Some day your turn may come, and then I hope I'll be able to go to you." His eyes were unnaturally bright, and his lips trembled with suppressed emotion.

The tension was relieved by the woman, who looked at both the young fellows, and then turned to the surgeon and asked almost unconcernedly, " Ain't war a hell of a thing?"

It was the surgeon who responded. " It would be hard to find a better definition, ma'am."

" I've saw lots wuss'n this," she remarked, as if she would thus find excuse for her sudden use of an expression that is rarely heard on the lips of a woman.

" Why, yes, ma'am — a great deal worse. This is not a bad case at all. No great damage has been done. He will be lame for some weeks — perhaps for a longer time. The ball struck the bone, glanced, and is now close to the surface."

In a few moments he had deftly extracted it, and the wounded man seemed to be greatly relieved. Medicine, strange to say, had been declared a contraband of war by the Federals, and the surgeon could spare but a driblet of quinine from his small supply; but he left some, and gave various directions with respect to the possible symptoms that might arise.

Just then the woman's husband entered the door. He was an emaciated, unkempt man, whose movements were in strange contrast with his appearance. He was one of the most trustworthy of General Forrest's scouts, but neither betrayed the fact that he knew the other. On the contrary, the man was both angry and rude. " What'd I tell you, Rhody?" he exclaimed, turning to his wife. " I know'd they'd crowd us out'n house an' home ef they got a chance; I could 'a' took oath to it! Cuss 'em, an' contrive 'em, both sides on 'em, all an' similar! They'd as lief make a hoss stable out'n the house as not, an' I built it wi' my two han's."

"An' what ef you did?" inquired the woman with some show of spirit. "Hit ain't sech a beauty that you kin brag on it. An' who made your two han's? You made 'em, I reckon, an' nobody else could 'a' done it."

The man made a gesture as though he could in that way weaken the force of the woman's words, and he evidently knew when to speak, for he said no more. On the contrary, sympathy shone in his eyes when he looked at the wounded man. "Don't you worry, Bill; ef ther's any worryin' to be done, leave it to me. It takes a 'oman to know how to worry right; an' ever'thing oughter be done right," she remarked.

"Can you get a boat across the river?" inquired General Forrest, turning to the man. He was somewhat doubtful until he caught the General's eye, and then he thought that nothing would be easier. "Well," said the General, "go across and tell the Yankees that there's a wounded officer at your house and that he needs attention. Tell 'em that General Forrest says they can get him by sending for him."

"Is this General Forrest?" inquired Jack Bledsoe. "General, I hardly know how to thank you. I had just been dreaming of prison."

The General made a deprecatory gesture, and was on the point of saying something when the man of the house spoke up. "Ef you're Gener'l Forrest," he said, "you'll be more than pleased to know that the Yankees ain't never took time for to cook supper. Atter they hit the furder bank they jest kep' on a-humpin', an' I don't blame 'em myself, bekaze 'twuz the only way wet men could keep warm."

"It's up to you, Herndon; he's your prisoner. He ought to be in a hospital where he could be looked after, but I reckon he'll have to stay where he is for a while."

"He won't put me out a mite ef he stays," said the woman. "He'll be company fer me when Bill is pirootin' 'roun'."

General Forrest gave us permission to remain where we were for the night. "We move at five," said he. "Bill here will put you across and show you which way to go when he has found your horses for you." Just how Bill would do that was a mystery, but we asked no questions.

We called for Whistling Jim when General Forrest had gone, but he was nowhere to be found. He had shown us the way to the cabin and then disappeared. I judged that he was afraid Jack Bledsoe would upbraid him or that Harry would give him a scolding; but, whatever his reasons, he disappeared when we went into the cabin, and we saw him no more till the next morning.

Harry and Jack talked of old times until the woman was compelled to warn the wounded man that it would be worse for him if he excited himself. But he talked away in spite of the warning. He talked of his sister Katherine, much to Harry's delight, and told of his own sweetheart in Missouri. His Colonel, he said, was very fond of Katherine, but he declared that Kate still thought of Harry, whereupon the young fellow blushed and looked as silly as a schoolgirl.

Tom Ryder was the Colonel's name, and he had a sister Lucy. Miss Lucy was Jack's choice out of a thousand, he said. The main trouble with Jack was that his sweetheart's sister, Jane Ryder, didn't like him, and so forth and so on, till I nodded where I sat, and dreamed of Katherine and Jane and Lucy Ryder, until some one took me by the arm and told me that it was time to be up and going.

We delayed our departure on one excuse and another, until finally Bill, who was to be our guide, grew irritable; and even then we made a further delay while Jack penciled a note to his Colonel, which Harry was to take charge of as long as there was danger of his capture by roving bands of Federals, and then it was to be given to the guide, who thought he could insure its delivery.

When we were ready, and could invent no further excuse, Harry turned to Jack. "The war doesn't touch us, dear boy. Good-by, and don't fail to put in a good word for me when you go home."

Jack Bledsoe's face brightened up. "That's so!" he exclaimed; "I can go home now. Well, you may depend on me, Harry; but the two Miss Ryders are all the other way, and I'll be between two fires. Tell Whistling Jim I have no hard feelings. He has really done me a favor, if things turn out no worse than they are."

We bade our friend good-by again and went out into the damp morning air, each with his various thoughts. I congratulated myself that mine had little to do with the troublesome sex. The fog, hanging heavily over the river, shut out the sunlight. We had to take the guide's word for that, for we could see no sign of the sun. Indeed, it was so dark that we had considerable difficulty in making our way. But when we were on the other side, and had mounted the somewhat steep bank, the fog disappeared and the sun shone out; and not far away we saw Whistling Jim and the horses.

He hailed our coming with delight, for he had been waiting some time, and he was both cold and frightened. He took off his hat, as he said, to old King Sun, and he seemed to feel all the better for it; and we all felt better when our horses were between our knees.

We entered the shrub timber and went through it for half a mile or more, and then suddenly came out on the public highway. The guide suggested that we smarten up our gait, and we put the horses to a brisk canter. I thought surely that the man would give out, but he merely caught hold of my stirrup to help him along, and when we came to a crossroad, and halted at his suggestion, he showed as little fatigue as the horses—this man who seemed too frail to walk a mile.

Here he gave us such instructions as seemed necessary, and was just about to so-long us, as he said, when he paused with his hand to his ear. "I'll be whopped," he exclaimed, "ef I don't hear buggy wheels, an' they're comin' right this way." With that he slipped into the bushes, and, though I knew where he was concealed, it was impossible to catch a glimpse of him.

As we waited a top-buggy rounded the bend in the road. It was surprising to see a buggy, but I was more surprised when its occupant turned out to be a woman—a woman in a top-buggy, riding between two hostile armies!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

AN UNCLE REMUS RHYME

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

Brer Rabbit's Gigglin'-Place

Time wuz when de creeturs had diffunt places
Fer ter eat dey snacks at an' wash dey faces—
A place fer ter talk at an' a place fer tusslin'
Whensomever dey happen fer ter git thoo dey bus'lin'—
A place fer smokin' an' a place fer chawin',
A place fer jumpin' an' a place fer jawin',
A place fer kickin' an' a place fer pawin',
A place fer moanin' an' a place fer pinin',
A place fer howlin' an' a place fer whinin'.

Dey wuz gittin' 'long well an' livin' ker-scrumptious,
An' none but de camel wuz anyways bumptious;
You mought er fed um on cornmeal mushes,
Kaze dey ain't fin' out dey had claws er tushes;
Dey never wuz sorry, ner sollumcolic,
When dey laid by der craps dey wuz in fer a frolic;
Brer Fox know'd how fer ter tetch up de fiddle,
Wid tumty-tum-tum, an' tumty-iddle-tiddle,
An' "Gals cross over fum de side ter de middle!"

An' dem what worked in de heavy timber
Ez done got so ol' dat dey legs ain't limber;
Dey sot off in a clump tergedder,
An' talk about craps an' de rainy wedder,
An' watch de dancers light ez a fedder,
An' shake der heads an' do some frownin'
When de fiddle wuz des a-singin' an' a-soun'in',
Ez much ez ter say, "Unk Time will free us,
An' you'll soon be ez now you see us!"

Now a dance at de best is a kinder mix-up,
An' ol' Rab wuz skeer'd dat dey had some tricks up,
An' whiles Brer Fox was a-sawin' on de fiddle
Brer Rabbit was a-tellin' Brer B'ar a riddle
Dat make 'im laugh twel he shake in de middle.
Brer B'ar he laugh, but ol' Brer Rabbit
Do like he done got out'n de habit;
You'd 'a' thunk somebody had done hurt his feelin's
Wid dey shiffle-shuffle an' dey jig-um-a-reelin's.

Now, whar dey's any gigglin' de crowd boun' ter go dar,
An' ter keep fum bein' squshed Brer Rabbit say, "W'oa, dar!"
An' he call ter Brer Fox wid "Please play some mo', dar!"
Brer Fox he say he bleeze ter men' his fiddle,
An' ol' Brer B'ar still shuck in de middle;
Miss Wolf up an' ax, "What you fin' dat's so funny?"
An' de answer wuz, "Mr. Beans swaller'd Bunny."
"Lawsy me!" sez Miss Wolf, an' she sot dar grinnin';
"Brer Rabbit, you sho does need a skinnin'!"

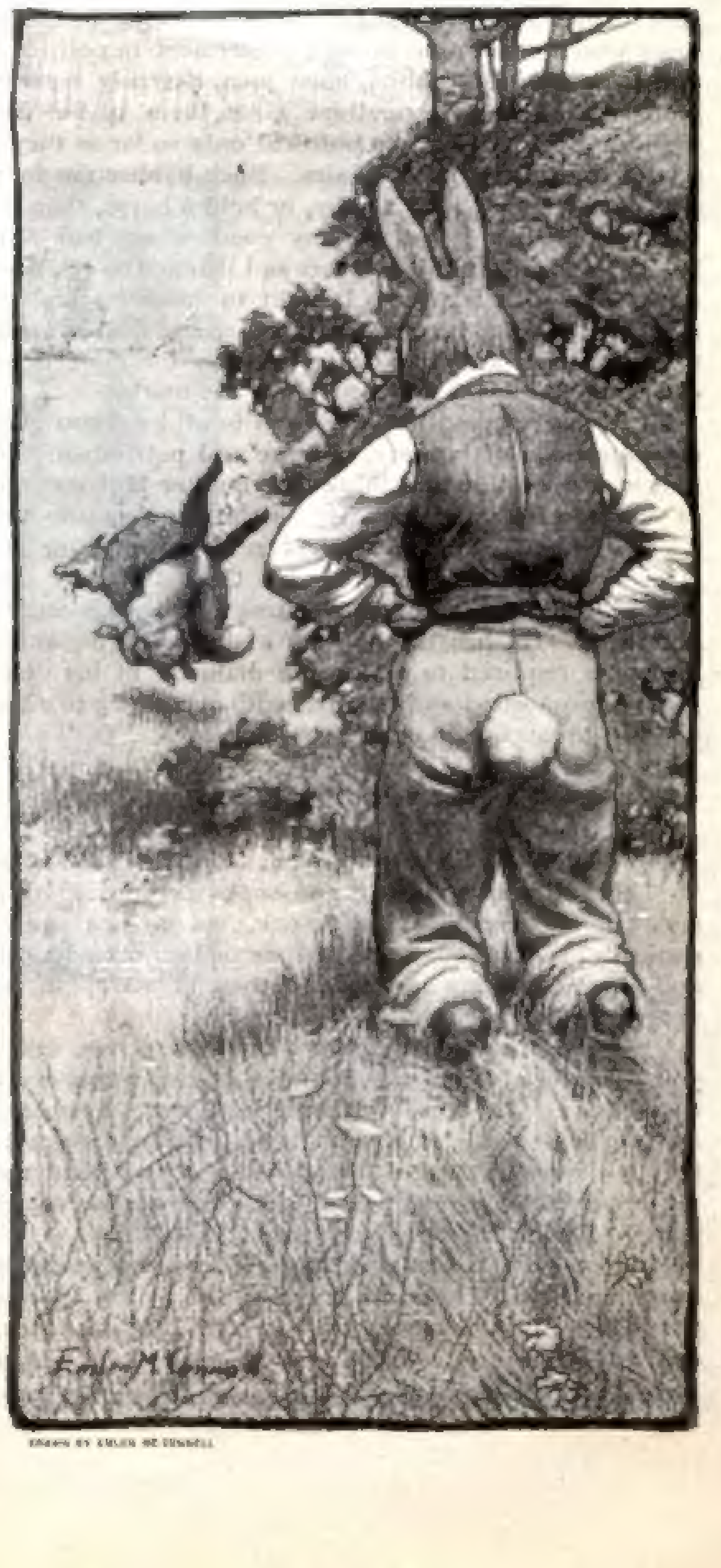
Brer Fox he say, "Des stop yo' chaffin',
You kin see fer yo'se'f Brer Rabbit ain't a-laughin';
Ef trouble wuz ter come he look like he'd nab it."
"Right you is, Brer Fox," sez ol' Brer Rabbit;
"An' mo' dan dat, I'd retch out an' grab it,
Kaze I never did b'lieve in comp'ny-snigglin',
An' I done got a place whar I does my gigglin'."
An' dey all un um ax'd 'im, "Wharbouts is it?
Des show us de way an' we'll pay it a visit!"

Brer Rabbit makes out he had money an' los' um,
An' he holp Brer Fox fer ter fin' his rozzum,
Hummin', "Yam spells tater, an' tater spells 'possum,"
An' den 'twan't long 'fo' de dance, it broke up;
Brer Fox stay behime, an', atter while, spoke up,
An' ax Brer Rabbit whar his gigglin'-place—
"It ain't so mighty fur fum de wigglin'-place,
An' you sholy is hear tell er dat, suh,
Kaze, once dar, you'll giggle twel you lose yo' hat, suh.

"An' you *may* lose yo' hide—I've seed sech cases,
What dem what 'uz quare got los' in quare places."
But dis kinder talk wuz wuss dan no talk—
Ef he know'd he'd git scolloped by a knock-kneed Mohawk,
Brer Fox would 'a' went—dey wuz no needs fer mo' talk.
So Brer Rabbit say he'd be glad fer ter take 'im,
Kaze he too perlite fer ter up an' shake 'im;
An' Brer Fox went, wid a gallop an' a wiggle,
Fer ter see de place whar Brer Rabbit giggle.

Atter so long dey got dar, an' Brer Rabbit show'd it,
An' Brer Fox 'low dat he never would 'a' know'd it;
Ol' Rab smole a smile, an' den he tol' 'im
How ter giggle an' giggle twel a hoss can't hol' 'im;
'Twuz "'Tain't ez you see it, but de way you do it—
Dat big bush yander, you mus' run right thoo it."
Ef it had 'a' been a track Brer Fox would 'a' flew it.
But he run thoo de bush an' den he holler'd—
He yapped an' he wapped an' den he waller'd.

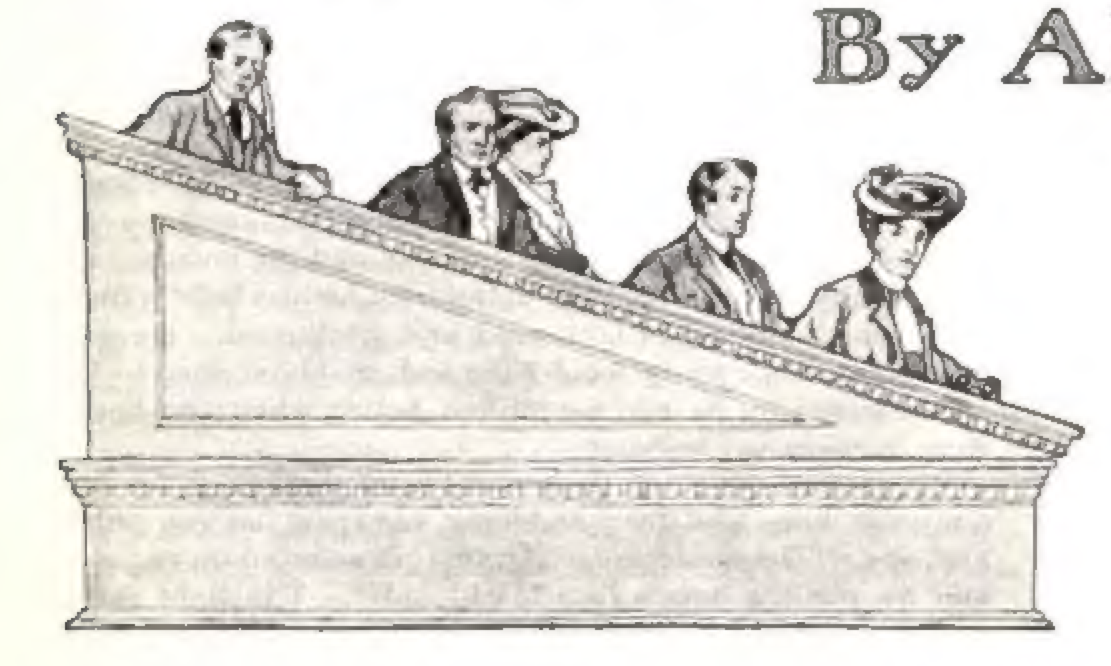
An' de reason wuz plain why he make sech a racket:
He had run right over Mr. Yaller-Jacket,
An' de bush wuz de home er de bal'-headed Hornet—
Brer Fox he galloped right straight on it;
He run thoo gullies an' he jumped over ditches,
Kaze he had ten dozen in his britches.
Brer Rabbit hear sump'n 'bout "Dang-dong-ding 'im!"
An' he loped off home kase he skeer'd dey'd sting 'im!



DRAWN BY EMLEN MCCONNELL

Impressions of Mr. Roosevelt

By Alfred Henry Lewis



RECENTLY I was given an opportunity to be with Mr. Roosevelt for something over an hour, and I embraced it. If one is to write of politics and what gentlemen engage themselves therewith, one should meet as many of the latter as one may. Otherwise, one will live and die an abstractionist, a visionary, describing men as one imagines them rather than men as they are.

For myself, I had but a single purpose in meeting Mr. Roosevelt. I would come by a picture of him; and having got it, I would give it to the readers of this magazine. Nor, if I may have pardon for the personal pronoun, do I regard myself as that worst scout who could have been selected to make such a discovery. Like most, who perforce and for years have met me in their party going up and down, and all with a final object of ink and paper, whatever genius for partisanship was born within me has been much destroyed and swept away. People of the press become largely incapable of party; commonly and in the end, their contempt for one organization is equaled only by their distrust of the other. It isn't that they lose political belief; rather they give up belief in the party to believe in the man. Nor are they without authority. It was Canning who said: "Away with the cant of Measures not Men, and that it is the harness, and not the horses, that carries the chariot along. If the distinction must be taken, Men are everything and Measures nothing."

To clear my pencil of any inference of interest there might go a further word. Strangely as it will ring in the ears of those who are as prone to seek preferment in politics as is a dog to search for rabbits, most men, decently between the plowstilts of what agriculture gives them bread, have no wish for office. They are political only so far as they desire a wise administration of affairs. Such hanker not for place, and would sooner hold a baby, or hold a horse, than hold an office. Whether it tell for my good or my bad repute, I belong to that class. Wherefore as I listened to Mr. Roosevelt and strove with what wit I might to come by his sort and character of man, I owned neither hope to deflect nor fear to bias judgment, and may claim integrity for my conclusions, even though they should be wide of the mark.

Mr. Roosevelt in all he says and in all he seems gives one an impression of honesty, courage and patriotism. No one will look upon him and think that Bunker Hill was a failure or Yorktown a mistake. He justifies a republic and the wisdom of one. Beyond all, he furnishes the feeling of force. It is as though one considered a Corliss engine. Nor, to slip into the phrase of steamboatmen, is he over-engined for his beam. He has the breadth and the length, and draws the water required to match the diameter of his cylinders. He is in proportion and balance, with machinery to sit solidly upon bed-plates fully equal to its support.

Not a Statuary President

MR. ROOSEVELT employs no pedestals. He surrounds himself with no pomps and supports himself by no circumstances. He talks *with* one, not *to* one, and is as democratic as a Sioux. Withal, he is as frank as a cataract, and pours forth his feeling and thought and plan, holding nothing back.

There are men born with a liking for secrets, and should you ask one of them the hour he makes a mystery of the time of day. Mr. Roosevelt is not of these. There are men so fond of the furtive that, discovering a thicket, they will crouch therein for no better reason than the sensation of being concealed. Mr. Roosevelt is not of these. His bent is open and free and confident.

Mr. Roosevelt is combative, as one deep and practical ever must be. There are men whose notion of war would be to poison brook and lake and drinking place, and fall back into the hills. There are men of silken cord and Malay creese who kill as the assassin kills. There are men who creep at midnight to surprise a foe. Mr. Roosevelt belongs with none of these. He is combative as Richard of England was combative; he comes at noon, he blows a bugle, he wields a battle-ax. Had he been a gladiator he would have fought with sword and buckler, not net and trident.

In the woods of politics roam folk of two sorts—the hunter and the trapper. The latter sets gins and snares and deadfalls, and takes his prey by indirection. An admirable example of this trapper class is Mr. Gorman. The hunter, on the other hand, goes openly on the track of his game, and relies on personal strength and steadiness and weapon-skill to bring it down. It is with the hunter class one must number Mr. Roosevelt.

There was another matter to address my observation—a slight one, perhaps, yet one to be a straw to show the wind in its direction. The ear-mark of innate greatness is this: Whether the man go up or down, mount or descend, if he be great he does not change. General Grant, from obscurity, rose in five years to be a foremost soldier of the world and rode with a million and a half of men at his horse's tail. From first to last he was the same; no one found a change; and General Grant was great. Aaron Burr went from high to low. From a place where he tied Jefferson for a Presidency he descended to walk the New York streets, bankrupt of fortune, influence and friends. The earth had slipped from beneath his feet and the stars above were shifted. But there came no change in Aaron Burr. His head was as proudly high and his dangerous gray eye gleamed as on that day when he stepped from his place as Vice-President to shoot his enemy at Weehauken. Aaron Burr, like General Grant, was changeless; and Aaron Burr was great. I had met Mr. Roosevelt when he was Chief of the Civil Service, when he was Police Commissioner of New York, when he was a naval aide to Secretary Long. I had encountered him on occasions unbuckled and not official. Now I saw him as President, with all the vast power of the place and well knowing that power. The Mr. Roosevelt of the Civil Service, the Mr. Roosevelt, Commissioner of Police, the Mr. Roosevelt of the Navy Department who laid aside ease and high position to take up the labors and the bullet-risks of war, were one and all the Mr. Roosevelt of the White House. There had been nothing added, nothing lost; he stood the same clear, plain, direct, strong, understandable American he ever was.

Concerning Distrustful Capital

THERE was that about Mr. Roosevelt to be as a sequel to a story. The week before I had been in chance-blown conversation with one of our foremost "Captains of Industry"; one who invents companies in order to juggle its stock and reap from fools a ticket profit. This personage had told me how he, with his fellows of the tape, feared Mr. Roosevelt because he didn't know what Mr. Roosevelt would do. He pretended to a market uncertainty and the concern of one who wanders blindfold in some fog of business doubt. I could now discover the dishonesty of that man. He was not uncertain; he was lost in no fog; he feared Mr. Roosevelt not because he didn't, but because he did know what that President would do. Our Captain of Industrious Piracy, our Buccaneer of Stocks, went well aware of what Mr. Roosevelt would do, and shook for that the latter had committed the White House to the task of ridding the seas of all such Captain Kidds.

Before I saw Mr. Roosevelt on the occasion whereof I write I was purposely in talk concerning him with a score of Congressmen, both Senators and Representatives. I picked upon ones whom I knew to be unfavorable to Mr. Roosevelt. It was of Mr. Roosevelt I wanted them to talk, and to bring them easily to my purpose I would propose Panama as a topic.

None of these several publicists was new to Washington. The work of each had taken him often to the White House, and he had dealt with many Presidents. When these dislikers of the President came to treat of Mr. Roosevelt they never failed of a certain lowering of tone. This whispering mood arose from an instinct of furtivity. They hesitated lest they be heard in their sundry States and districts. I think this because not one of them failed to say as he closed in his remarks: "But between us, my people are crazy about him. Merely to name him sets them fair afire."

In each case I sought to learn specifically what complaint of fact that Congressional man I listened to would lodge against Mr. Roosevelt. I could get, for the major part, nothing from any of them but a rolling roster of adjectives.

A Plague of Adjectives

NOW, I have no wide reliance upon adjectives. To say a man is brave or timid, or honest or false, or good or bad, or strong or weak, or stable or flighty is but to offer one's conclusion on that point. With every hat-lifting deference for another's wisdom, I prefer to form my own conclusions rather than accept those of folk about me, however broad or wise. My friend of that adjective may have his personal ax to grind; or, wanting such interest, be mentally lame or blind, or lack what basis of information is required whereon to build a worth-while view. Instead of an adjective I would sooner hear of those deeds which gave it birth. Instead of telling me that a man is brave, tell me what actions of stark heroism furnish the epithet. Adjectives are the parents of error, of misinformation; our day would have been enhanced and the race set forward by centuries if, in the beginning, an adjective had been made a capital offense. And yet, I concede at the heel of this harangue that I, as much as any, have been guilty of the crime of adjectives.

One gray man of the Senate said, speaking of Mr. Roosevelt and quoting Kipling: "There is too much ego in his cosmos," and cited the Panama affair. I declined the Panama affair as settling the question. When Alexander cut the Gordian knot, had that frosted Senator been standing by, and particularly if he represented a Grecian railway interest threatened by that cutting, he would have uttered the same of Alexander. It was statecraft that prompted the Macedonian when he drew his sword, rather than any ego in his cosmos. Mr. Roosevelt will cut the knot of Darien, not for egotism, but for the good and safety of every American man.

Another of the Senate, who was so good as to give me his opinions, described Mr. Roosevelt's Panama position as the offspring of his vanity. If this were true, what then? The public, the present American public, is not concerned with motives but with acts. Three centuries away, when some Macaulay of the alcoves bestirs his pen to a consideration of to-day, a motive will be important. He will pull and haul at present history in the hope of uncovering its reasons. We, however, when brought to bay of our times, will find our first interest with what a man does rather than in the argument by which he does it. His motive may be black or white or grave or gay; that is for him. The general interest deals only with the deed itself.

As a matter of truth, I do not believe Mr. Roosevelt's pose of Panama to be the fruit of vanity any more than I believe that the Declaration of Independence was born of the vanity of Jefferson and Franklin and Adams and Hancock and Jay and what others of that prodigious hour set pen to its execution. But if that great document were wholly come of the vanity of those gentry of powdered hair and silver buckles, would it the less pronounce our Independence? Vanity, the right vanity, is a virtue; it should be fostered and not frowned upon. Vanity comes often to be as the sail to the boat, and gives motion to the hull beneath that would make no voyage without it. Wanting vanity, Columbus would have found no America; Cæsar would have crossed no Rubicon; Napoleon would have begun, not ended, with Waterloo.

Editor's Note—This is one of a series of articles from Mr. Lewis on national aspects of public politics.

No, forsooth, when I heard my carpers tell of "ego" and "vanity," I did not go with them. Possessing a resentment, they sought to justify it by what means they might. The very meagreness of their grounds of criticism showed the spirit to be personal. When I was with Mr. Roosevelt and had studied him, the true reason of that feeling dawned upon me. Those excellent Senate folk were uncertain of Mr. Roosevelt only in his attitude toward themselves. They could not always pull him and push him what way they would. Thus they were made to call upon him and ask for patronage in a mood of apprehension. He was capable of saying the thing they did not like to hear. Other Presidents had been more conventional if not convenient. To visit one of them on a mission of patronage gathering was as though the questing Congressman visited an apple-tree. If he got no apples, at least he might sit in the shade. At the worst he could but fall from some bough, not overhigh, and scratch his political face and hands.

To press in upon Mr. Roosevelt for this post-office or that marshalship came to be widely another affair. He resembled a dynamo rather than an apple-tree. Their resentment was the merest harvest of their personal alarm. It was their ignorance of him that made them fearful; they could not foresee when or how they would receive a shock.

When Brer 'Possum Picked de Banjo—By Frank L. Stanton

Brer 'Possum pick de banjer,
  En de creeturs, one en all,
A follerin' de music,
  Went a-whirlin' roun' de hall!
Brer Rabbit called de figgers—
  En you orter heered him call!—
"Balance ter yo' partners 'twel de mawnin'!"

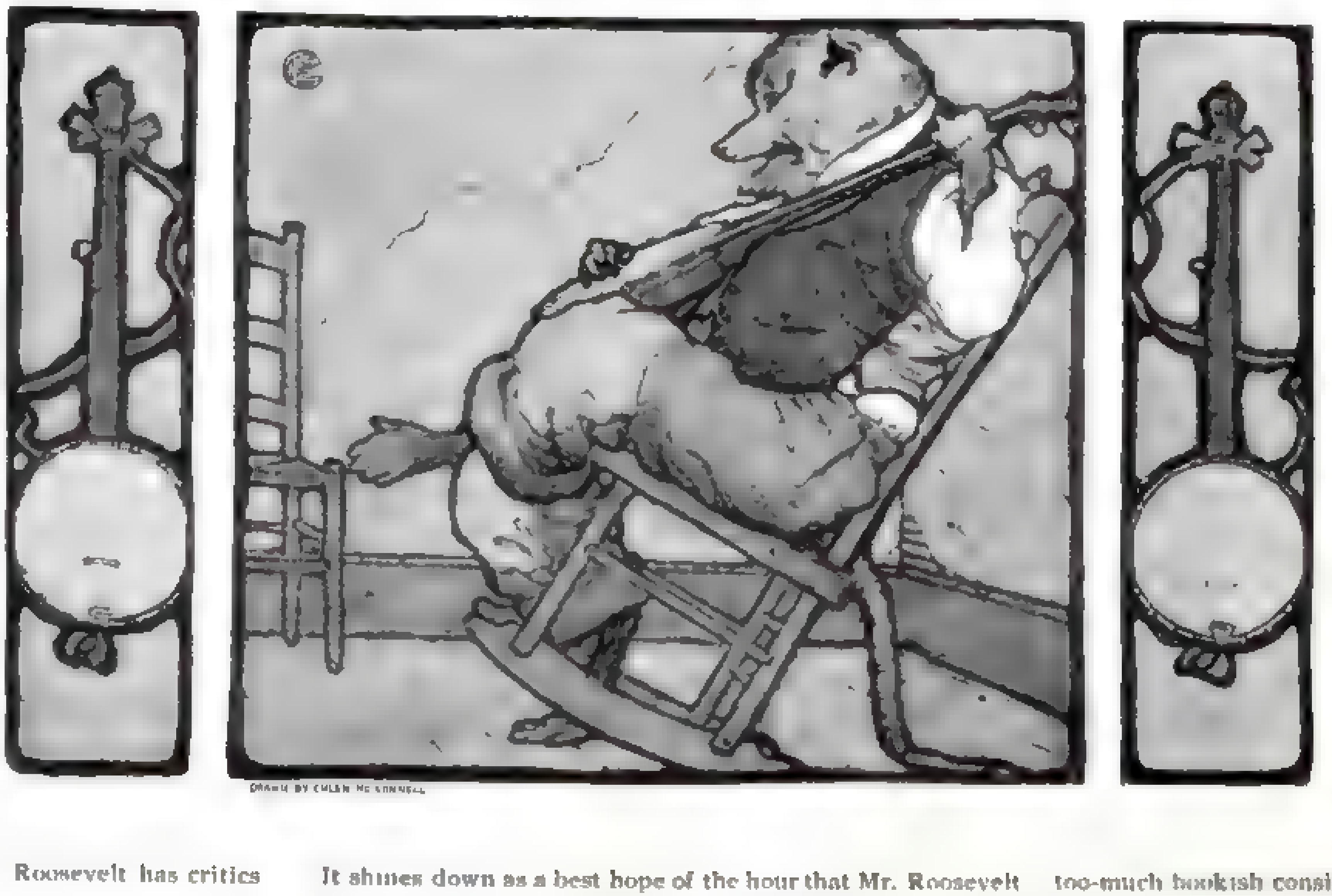
Brer B'ar wuz in a fidget—
  Felt de music in his heel,
W'en he heered de banjer gwine
  In a halleluyer peal,
En he made up wid his enemies
  En swinged 'em in de reel—
"Balance ter yo' partners 'twel de mawnin'!"

Brer Wolf—he couldn't stan' it—
  Come a-lopin', lean en slim,
En tell Brer Lamb, "Good-evenin'!
  Would he dance a roun' wid him?"
En Brer Wil'cat say, "I'm wid you!"
  En he tumbled fum de limb—
"Balance ter yo' partners 'twel de mawnin'!"

Brer Lion want to jine 'em,
  En he talk en beg his best,
But dey tell him, fum de inside,
  "You de oninvited guest!"
But he dance dar, in de big road—
  En he sholy beat de rest!—
"Balance ter yo' partners 'twel de mawnin'!"

En dey balanced—dat I tell you—
  Des ez sho ez you is bo'n!—
'Twel dey heered de daybreak rustle
  Thoo' de green blades er de co'n,
En de hunter wuz a-stirrin'
  En a-blowin' er his ho'n—
Oh, dey balanced ter dey partners 'twel de mawnin'!

En de jedgmint er de creeturs
  Wuz dat dancin' wuz de thing
Ter keep 'em free en fr'en'ly
  In de halleluyer ring;
En dey stayed fr'en's all de summer—
  En dey mos' wuz fr'en's in Spring.
(Balance ter yo' partners 'twel de mawnin'!)


DRAWN BY EMLEN MC CONNELL

With me, who desired no patronage and did not encumber a Senate seat, the situation was altogether different. I could have no apprehensions such as fed upon my Congressional friends who spoke whisperingly of Mr. Roosevelt. Moreover, since I hold by a theory that offices are public and not Congressional bric-à-brac, intended to aid government rather than be an argument for a statesman's return to his place, I hugely liked the situation they fretted over. Excellent is that executive whom a place-wheedling Congressman hesitates to approach!

Mr. Roosevelt has still another characteristic that makes for the terror of your conventional statesmen. Most of these are creatures of moonlight politics, and avoid daylight and the open paths. They like stratagem, and plot, and combination, and intrigue. Peculiarly, are they shaken by any measure of the bold and bluff. The noble incapacity for secrets which belongs with Mr. Roosevelt sets the hearts of such to a trot. He has too much courage, too little chicane. He speaks out and they are frightened. He is Bismarckian; he is Norse. His diplomacy proceeds on the principle that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, and bases itself on the belief that a battleship is your best ambassador. And so they fear him, and hide from him, wringing their hands over the unwonted strangeness of White House things. In rebuke they say that Mr. Roosevelt is young, and shake sorrowing head over a Presidential paucity for years. For myself, though I do not regard age as an impertinence, I cannot think a man is wrong simply for that he is young. Mr. Roosevelt's independence is an offense also with these, since with these to be independent is to be in disrepute. Some folk want cat's-paws, not Presidents, in the White House, and therefore Mr. Roosevelt has critics not to be disarmed.

As I poked about in the conversation of ones inimical to Mr. Roosevelt, seeking causes of their disaffection, it appeared, with other things no better worth acceptance, that a chief reason of their dislike, or distrust, or call it what you will, abode in Mr. Roosevelt's want of reverence for folk of wealth and station. The element of money-awe was absent from his make-up. He would see no breath-stealing difference between a capitalist and a laborer, and in favor of the former. The two stood on a par with him; he received both, heard both, gave justice to both, and refused to be bullied by both. He cared nothing for a caste. Mr. Morgan, the capitalist, was no more than Mr. Masterson, the scout.

In those temples where Mammon is served, and there be many in Washington, this democracy provoked a groan; the money-priests in Congress beat their bosoms. There seemed a deal of anxiety to forget that this Rooseveltian talent for equality matched with the Constitution. No, indeed; it is one thing to talk equality and another to practice it. A little dose of Americanism in the White House, a little leveling of rich and poor, puckers many a free mouth. It was a rage-eaten Senator from the North and East who made this the text of a sermon which he hotly preached to me, and the expression of his face was of itself a breach of the peace. He saw nothing to come from it but the downfall of society.

There are two kinds who seek a Presidency. One aims at eminence; the other hungers for fame. With one the White House is the object; with the other method. The first, if made President, sits calmly snug; he has had his victory and the White House is his. With him of the fame-hunger it is the other way about. Given the White House, his great work begins.

It shines down as a best hope of the hour that Mr. Roosevelt is heart and soul a fame-hunter. The nobility of one's actions is determined by the nobility of one's aspirations.

Mr. Roosevelt will not rest content with being merely a President. He must go down the aisles of coming time as a great President, or to his own conscience he will have failed. To that end he sets before himself the examples of those mighty ones of time past. The Washingtons, and the Jeffersons, and the Jacksons, and the Lincolns, and the Grants are his exemplars. With such to be as guides to him, and because he is true and bold and wise, and no man owns him, it will not be strange should he conquer entrance to Valhalla.

Moreover, it is good for the public to know and hear these things.

There has been said a word concerning Panama. The opposition that in the earlier stages faced it is melting away. Those of House and Senate who were foes to that policy have heard from their people. Every water tank, every way station, has sent its bag of letters. Tons of missives, carrying the voices of their constituents, have descended upon our old, gray Senate men. It is these that have wrought the change. As said a Senator when speaking of the situation: "In the Senate there was never less open opposition to Mr. Roosevelt than there is to-day. What Senators would like is one thing; what they would dare is another. North and South and East and West have come forward as one man for Panama and the Canal. Mr. Roosevelt has the situation in perfect hand. He could not ask a thing of Congress it would not vote him by four to one, and walk over Mr. Hanna and Mr. Gorman in so doing."

Then the Senator, who is one to split hairs of law and break his shins on technicalities, voiced deep amazement, bordering upon horror, over a wicked trend of popular sentiment; he, the Senator, holding those Panama proposals of the White House to be in the teeth of justice and of law. In this connection he spoke weepingly of the conscience of the people, which he said was seared. His own personal conscience has been guilty of no important manifestations for over a score of Senate years. That, however, did not disturb him, while he dropped a tear because of public hardness and a moral falling away.

In a former letter I suggested that from popular standpoints the question of the canal's international legality would hardly prove important. Whether it be within or without the law will cut no towering figure. That we are to take something, and take it as it were by force and in the face of alien men, is the engaging thing. We come of the robber race. For untold ages we have followed the sun from East to West, a sack in one hand and a knife in the other, looking for a prey. The ground we live on is stolen ground. We have lived on stolen ground so many ages that the birthspot of the race has been lost in the dimness of time. We steal the land, and then we steal the people native of the land.

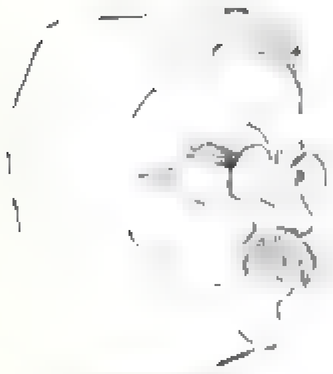
To be sure, we give ourselves and brother robber septs of our own race, similarly engaged, a fair, unanswerable, Christian reason for our aggressions. We commit our piracies for the good of him who is pillaged, and offer him a religion in lieu of his herds and fields. It is right and as it should be. A race is so much like a river that it has no command of its currents, and is responsible neither for their force nor their hungry volume. What will be, will be; one day we in our turn shall lie beneath the heels of those sent to take our places.

But Panama is of the present; and the American heart leaps at the name of conquest. As was the race in a day of vikings, so is the race in this. It is ever ready to shove forth for a prize. Wherefore, Panama and a canal are popular; and that without a too-much bookish consideration of rigid right and wrong. It is well.

Exercise, adventure, and a pushing into far, new regions fills the racial lungs; it builds up the racial brawn, and promotes, withal, the individual. Mr. Roosevelt displayed himself a past master of the popular. Mr. Gorman, on the crippled other hand, hamstrung opportunity. He should have overplayed the Administration by extravagance in that same Panama direction. But he didn't; and now Mr. Gorman may call about him scarce a corporal's guard, while his very hold on the Senate leadership of his party is being snatched at by Mr. Bailey.

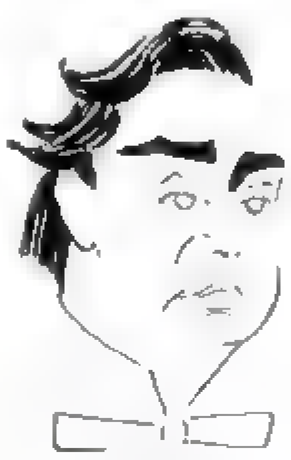
Tales of a Cartoonist

BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON


ROOSEVELT

NO MATTER who you are and what you look like, you have one feature that is more strongly marked and distinctive than any other feature. It's the thing that first attracts the eye and by which people remember you. The casual, untrained observer may not know exactly what it is, but he is conscious of it just the same. But with the man who has made a study of caricature it is different. He quickly analyzes your face and finds out what the dominating feature is. In some people it may be the nose, in others the eyes, in others the chin. It never is exactly the same in different faces.

The caricaturist decides what it is at the first sight. If he were to wait he would allow his mental estimate of the subject's character to influence him. Often he may grow to like a person so well that the most aggressively prominent feature fades away beneath his fondness. He does not see the disagreeable tilt of the nose, or the lack of symmetry of the mouth. He has learned to like the subject and the facial imperfections cease to be noticed. Very often one may know and like a person with crossed eyes so well that after a time it never occurs to him to think that the eyes are not strictly regular. For these reasons, it is the caricaturist's desire to make his analysis at first sight before the subject's imperfections have been smoothed away by the charitable hand of friendship.

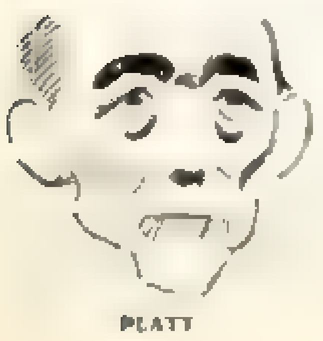

BAILEY

It is always an interesting study for those who make a practice of analyzing a face to locate the dominant key to the subject's features. The analyst can look sharply at the subject and then close his eyes immediately, and in the mental picture there will stand out one strongly-marked feature that has struck him most forcibly. As a general thing, this part that lingers in the mental vision is the chief characteristic of the subject's face.

Look at President Roosevelt's face for an instant and then close your eyes. You will find that the strongest impressions remaining are the President's glasses and his teeth. Consequently the caricaturist emphasizes these two points when he makes his caricature. A look at J. Pierpont Morgan will leave a vivid mental impression of a large nose and two eyes that glare through you. A look at Senator Fairbanks will leave the mental impression of a cold, unforgiving eye and a bearing that suggests the grim rectitude of a Puritan father. A look at Mr. Cleveland will leave an impression of honest stolidity in which the wrinkles have been softened and rendered more kindly by age. His face has ceased to be so aggressively strong as it was ten years ago, for the late years of his life have been peaceful ones that have blotted away the stern lines that he formerly had. Senator Beveridge has a face that indicates vast energy and activity, and the mental picture that remains after one glance at his face will reveal two eyes shining clear beneath contracted brows and a mane of hair through which nervous fingers have time and again been plunged. Senator Hanna's face is kindly, with a touch of Irish humor in the lips and a genial glow in the eyes. Senator Spooner's nose is his dominating facial characteristic, and the caricaturist in drawing him will accentuate it.

It has been my observation that the greater the affairs of a man the more strongly marked will be his face. It may be that the affairs influence the face or it may be that the possession of the strong face creates the big affairs. Certain it is that we see few weak faces in exalted stations that have come as the result of individual effort. Some of our country's great men may have faces that seem weak, but an analysis will show somewhere the presence of a strength of character that at first escapes the casual observer.

It is a curious fact that most human faces suggest a certain resemblance to animals. One face may have the general effect of a lion's face, and another will never fail to suggest a bear; another may suggest a fox. Mr. Croker's face undoubtedly suggests the face of a tiger, which in this case is singularly appropriate. Beards are great keys to character. Many of our prominent men may be easily recognized by a mere picture showing the beard and hair alone. This is true of Emperor William and of King Edward. It also is true of Senator Depew and Senator Platt, and many others, not including Mr. Rockefeller, however. Any one would recognize a picture of ex-Senator Mason's hair and mustache and also would instantly recognize Mr. Bryan's hair


PLATT

No face is so weak that it does not have its distinguishing mark, although often that mark lies wholly in the weakness of the face. Sometimes it is hard to locate, but it is there, and one of the professional caricaturist's most interesting studies is the location of this one thing that makes a face individual. Many people object to caricatures because the caricaturist is obliged to accentuate the prominent features, and it very often happens that this prominent feature is the one about which the subject is most sensitive. Yet left out, or modified, the caricature at once loses its strength

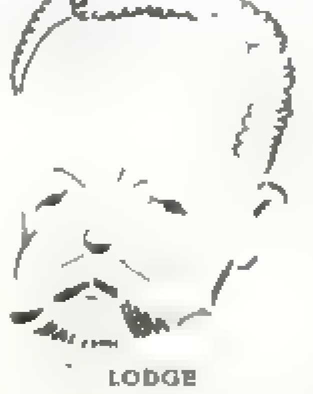
The world is divided into two general classes of people—one that cannot draw and is proud of it, and one that can, or thinks it can, and is also proud of it. It generally happens that any member of the first named class, though not able himself to draw, has a son or a nephew or an acquaintance who can draw and "sketch" a likeness with wonderful proficiency and "would make a great artist if he only had a little instruction."

When a "working artist" is engaged on a drawing, and a bystander pauses to look in silent contemplation, the following program is usually enacted: For a moment or two, at first, there is respectful silence and then the bystander begins to fidget with the symptoms of approaching conversation. The "working artist" wonders what it will be—a son, a nephew or an acquaintance.

"Well, sir, it's remarkable how you seem to know just where to put every line and how much difference a little line here or a line there makes."

A short pause.

"I couldn't draw a picture myself if I tried a hundred years," the bystander continues reflectively. It has been my observation that the average bystander generally mentions an even hundred years, thus proving that as a class he is not boastful when estimating his artistic possibilities. "But I'd like to have you meet a young chap down at my boarding-house. He is a perfect wonder as a sketch artist and he has never had a lesson in his life. He can sketch a likeness with just a stroke or two and it never takes him more than a couple of minutes to make a picture."


LODGE

Then follows an animated story about how the young chap sat down the other evening, and when nobody suspected what he was about, drew a speaking likeness of one of the boarders. The bystander then suggests that the working artist may enjoy meeting the unknown prodigy whose lightning rapidity and wonderful genius have aroused such admiration down at the boarding-house, and so in the course of a few days the young man himself appears with a few samples of his work.

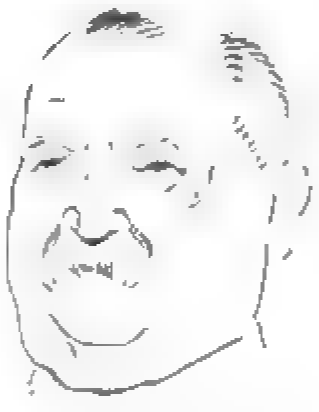
"These are some I just drew off roughly, without trying," he says apologetically, as he slowly displays them one after another. He never brings the drawings he is proud of but leaves the working artist to infer that he has much better ones down at the boarding-house. Those that he does bring are certainly rough, and usually include a couple of originals with the ears in a startlingly unexpected quarter and with an absolutely original interpretation of the human anatomy.

Then there will be a Gibson head the same size as the copy, thereby suggesting that it had been traced. If the young man really has talent, and he sometimes does, he will be exceedingly deprecatory, but if he has no talent in the world he will express the most unbounded confidence in his future if only he is given a chance at some practical work.

In most cases, when an amateur shows his work to an experienced artist, the beginner is not overly sanguine. He says that he likes to draw and that he should like to follow it up if he thought there was any use in doing so.

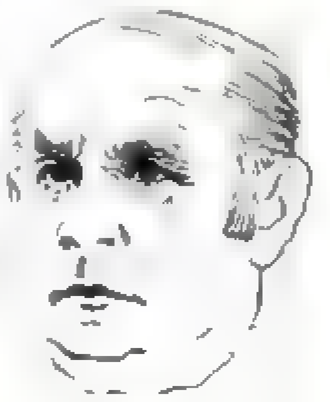
"Some of my friends seem to think that I have a little talent," he says, "so I thought I would show you some of my work and ask your honest opinion. I am working in a railroad office but I don't like the work, and I know that I want to get into something I am really interested in. I've always had the knack of drawing but I've never taken a lesson in my life. Now what ought a fellow in my fix to do?"

He then asks if he ought to attend an art school where newspaper illustrating is taught, and he wants to know how many months of study will be necessary to equip him sufficiently to begin to earn money. Or else he will ask if there is any chance of getting on a newspaper as an apprentice and thus pick up the practical end of it by association with experienced illustrators. In nine cases out of ten the young man hasn't the means to throw up a position that pays him something in order to spend a long period of months or years in preparing himself at an art school. He rebels at the thought of attending an academy where he will be required to draw from casts and models, for he considers this a useless waste of time. He wants to begin drawing cartoons right away, for he knows that pictures of casts never appear in the papers, so, therefore, he argues, why learn to draw things that he will not have to draw after he takes up practical work.

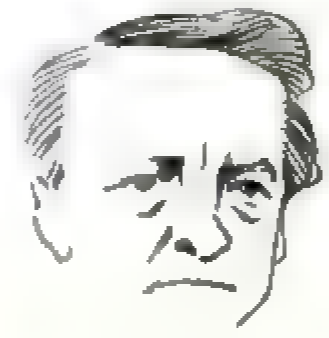

CLEVELAND

It is never fair to beginners to discourage them. Every working artist knows that he, himself, once drew the crudest kind of things, and that some time, years before, he had displayed his amateurish samples for the inspection and judgment of a working artist. At the same time, it is not fair to encourage young men to waste several years of their lives in studying, when it is painfully evident that there is no likelihood of success at the end of it. A young man who has something to hope for is the one who has always had a "knack" for drawing and who has also had a decided liking for the work. In other words, the successful artist is born, not made, and even in his earliest work there will be apparent the evidence of latent genius. Then, if he is willing to work and study and go about it with all his energy, there is a good fighting chance. If he attends an art school, three months will tell whether there is any good in continuing. At the end of this period he should ask the advice of a disinterested artist of experience—one who will have no object in deceiving him, and preferably one not connected with the school he is attending and one who is not a friend or a relative. The advice of relatives is always too optimistic along the lines of art, and the men connected with the professional art schools are too likely to have mercenary reasons for persuading him to keep on paying tuition fees. I know of students who have been attending art schools for years, and there is nothing short of a miracle that will ever enable them to earn back a single dollar that they have paid out for their futile years of study.

If at the end of three months the art student shows undoubted symptoms of aptitude, he will be advised to continue studying and working for at least three years. He will then not be an artist, but he ought to be able to hope for the chance at practical work which in time will make him an artist. He should be able at the end of three years to get a foothold on a paper and then it is his own fault if he does not succeed. He shouldn't rest on his laurels at this critical time but should work all the harder. There are no accidental successes in art. Every man who gets toward the top can look back to years of very hard work and self-denial. If the young beginner cannot get on a big metropolitan daily, let him go to a smaller town where the competition is not so keen and where the artistic standard is not so exacting. There he can "try it on the dog" until he acquires the experience that will make it easier for him to invade the big city. If he has any originality let him allow it full sway and not conform his methods of thought and technique to those of some other artist. There are many splendid draughtsmen who may never hope to rise simply because their work is like that of a predecessor or a competitor. The man who introduces new ideas and a distinct individuality is the one who reaches the high altitudes on the pay-roll.


HANNA

The newspaper cartoonist who has contracted to furnish his paper with a daily cartoon is sometimes confronted with grave obstacles to the fulfillment of his contract. Occasionally the obstacle may be occasioned by the difficulty of thinking up a satisfactory idea, but this obstacle may easily be remedied: He can draw something that is unsatisfactory. The real difficulties begin when he must depend upon trains and messengers, both of which may fail him at a critical moment. In such cases the conscientious man will visibly age in a very few hours.


SPOONER

FAIRBANKS

An experience that I had last summer will illustrate a few of the vexations which come to a cartoonist who is trying to do his work some distance from the home office. On this occasion I had arranged to spend Saturday and Sunday at Lake Geneva, a Wisconsin lake seventy-two miles from Chicago. It is on a branch of the Northwestern road. In order to leave town for the days mentioned I had to arrange for the cartoons that were to be printed during my absence. So I drew the Saturday and Sunday cartoons and left them at the office on the way to my train. The Monday cartoon was to be drawn at the lake and sent down by mail to the Chicago Tribune office.

I arrived at Lake Geneva Friday night and by Saturday afternoon the Monday cartoon was drawn. A faithful retainer conveyed it to the post-office, where it was hoped an efficient postal service, working in cooperation with a special delivery stamp, would do the rest. The drawing was delivered at the village post-office at four-thirty Saturday afternoon, and the young woman in charge said it would get off all right. She did not say when, however, but the presumption was that it would go down to Chicago either on Saturday evening or Sunday morning. In either case it would be in plenty of time for the Monday paper. The postmistress might have saved a good deal of subsequent annoyance and worry if she had thought to mention the fact that no mail leaves Lake Geneva between Saturday afternoon at four and Monday morning. But she did not. She evidently assumed that the special delivery stamp was put on for decorative purposes and not for utility. Or perhaps she did not want to spoil a good story

CROKER

During the pleasant hours of Sunday I industriously enjoyed myself, and if I ever remembered that there was such a thing as a cartoon in the world, it was to think contentedly that my Monday cartoon was safe in Chicago. At six o'clock Sunday evening the Chicago Tribune called me up on the long-distance wire.

"Where is Monday's cartoon?" they asked.

"It went down yesterday afternoon with a special delivery stamp," I answered.

"We can't find it here in the office, but we'll send over to the general office and have them make a search for it."

"Well, I'm sure you'll find it. Call me up again and let me know."

The house-party then left to have supper on a yacht out in the lake, but just before leaving it was arranged that certain signals should be displayed in case a telephone call came from Chicago. I was so confident that the cartoon was in Chicago that I was not, perhaps, properly worried. The fact that no recall signal was displayed strengthened my conviction that all was well. At any rate, the cartoon would never have got to Chicago had it not been for my host, Mr. Selfridge, a far-sighted business man who has learned not to take things for granted. He believes in making sure, and it is perhaps that careful quality in his character that has made it possible for him to rise to a partnership in the firm of Marshall Field and Company. He suggested that we run over to the Lake Geneva post-office and see if there had been a hitch at that end.

HOAR

The postmaster was fortunately at home and he volunteered to open the office and make sure that the cartoon had gone.

It had not. It was still lying where it had been put twenty-seven hours before and the special delivery stamp was clinging idly to the wrapper.

The hour was seven-thirty P. M. and Chicago was still seventy-two miles away

"There are no more trains to Chicago to-night," said the postmaster thoughtfully, "but we'll get it off early in the morning."

"Is there no way of getting it to Chicago to-night?" asked Mr. Selfridge. "It's a cartoon that must be printed in to-morrow morning's paper."

"The only way would be to send it to Burlington, a little station twelve miles away. There's a train due there at eight-forty, so you see you haven't time to make it unless the train is late."

Two minutes later Mr. Selfridge had arrived at the boat after an apoplectic dash of two or three blocks, and without pausing to explain his mad haste had disappeared up the street with Henry, a trusty retainer. Three minutes later Henry was urging a swift horse on his long ride to Burlington. He had an hour and five minutes to cover twelve miles!

MASON

Imagine the jolly house-party. The exciting events of the past hours had left it with tense nerves and with all thoughts following Henry, the Lone Horseman, as he fled through the night. Would he make it? Would the train providentially be a few minutes late? In the presence of this engrossing adventure, conversation of a general nature struggled for a few moments and then flickered out. "Henry" was the absorbing topic that banished all thoughts of merry-making.

At nine o'clock the telephone rang. It was Henry at Burlington. Had he made it?

He hadn't!

"The train was four minutes late, but I didn't get in until three minutes after it had pulled out."

"Then hurry back as fast as you can," shouted Mr. Selfridge.

At this stage of the drama I had the feeling of a man who had rudely disturbed a pleasant house-party by the introduction of a decidedly strenuous element into it. I resolved that thereafter I should leave my work at home. So I protested that the cartoon was not of such vast importance and that it should not be allowed to convulse an innocent house-party in this way.

"Not much," exclaimed Mr. Selfridge; "we've started to get that cartoon to Chicago and we'll do it if we have to ——" I don't remember what he said he would have to do—but I felt certain that "the busting of a hamestring" or any other equally efficacious last resort would not get the drawing to Chicago.

"It's too late to get it in now," I said, but as the difficulties multiplied, in proportion did Mr. Selfridge's determination increase.

"How late can they use the cartoon?" he asked

I called up the Tribune and found that the cartoon could be engraved in time for the country edition if it arrived at eleven o'clock and for the city edition if it came before twelve-thirty.

A moment later Mr. Selfridge had the Lake Geneva railroad office on the wire.

"Is there an engine there that can make a record-breaking run to Chicago to-night?"

"We'll see and let you know," was the answer. I presume they thought the retail house of Marshall Field was burning or that a great specialist was being urgently summoned to a death-bed

At this time the situation was intensely interesting. If you have ever seen the play Secret Service you may be able to imagine something of the feeling that prevailed in that distraught house-party. It sat well forward on the edges of its chairs, expectant and eager. Conversation had ceased except when some one made a despairing report about the whirling hands of the clock. Off in the night somewhere was Henry, the Lone Horseman, dashing through the silent country roads. At any rate, we hoped he was dashing, even after his long twelve-mile ride outward bound. Over in Lake Geneva town the railroad men were raising heaven and earth in their efforts to scare up an able-bodied locomotive. Down in Chicago the Tribune people were fuming with impatience, not because the cartoon was of such vital importance as a work of art, but because it belonged to a series and had been liberally advertised in the Sunday edition. This one fact made its publication desirable. In the Selfridge household a silent group of people sat waiting for something to happen, it knew not what. In the mean time the little German clock was inexorably tolling off the quarters and halves.

At ten-fifteen the telephone rang.

"We can give you an engine, Mr. Selfridge."

"All right; have it at the station as soon as possible."

Everything now depended on the Lone Horseman. How was his tired horse standing it?

It was now too late to get the cartoon to Chicago in time for the mail edition, but there was still a fighting chance for the city edition.

At four minutes of eleven an engine and a coach stood at the station and straining eyes were looking off into the darkness for signs of Henry. At eleven sharp the latter came clattering down the street, leaped from the horse and into the coach, and the special snorted off for Chicago. I then telephoned the Tribune that the cartoon was coming on a special train.

It was a wild run. People living along the track started up from their sleep as the train fled through the night. "I wonder what that special means," they doubtless thought. "Somebody must be dying." Perhaps they thought thus, and perhaps not. At any rate, they did not suspect that a "cartoon special" was responsible for the unusual midnight traffic along that particular strip of track.

At Crystal Lake there was a maddening delay of fifteen minutes, but even with this the train drew into the Chicago station at twelve-twenty-six. A man with a cab met the cartoon bearer and the cab horse was lashed through the streets to the Tribune office. At twelve-thirty the cartoon was hurried into the engraving-room, and one hour later the finished cut was on the presses ready to be printed.

The next morning only a few of those who saw the picture realized what energy had been spent that the cartoon might appear. But those few realized it good and plenty

MORGAN

There sometimes come experiences in a newspaper man's work that do not turn out quite so satisfactorily. One that I had in the Philippines is a good example, except that instead of a drawing it was a cablegram that I was trying to get to the paper.

Major Franklin Bell, now General Bell, was acting as chief of scouts under General MacArthur, and the army had advanced northward from Manila until it rested two miles outside of the insurgent capital, San Fernando. It was assumed that both Aguinaldo and General Luna were holding the capital with a force of several thousand insurgents; and Major Bell was sent forward to reconnoitre the situation. He took with him fifteen scouts and permitted three newspaper correspondents to take chances with him. I am not prepared to say that we should have gone if we had foreseen what was to follow, but we did go after we once got started. The little detachment advanced to where the long bamboo-lined road revealed ahead of us the first series of ponderous earthworks, and then, by skirting the shadows of the bamboo, a further advance was made until the earthworks were but three or four hundred yards away. One of the scouts exposed himself to develop the enemy, but there came no volley. The earthworks were found to have been abandoned, but we could get a good view from them of part of the city. It was occupied and a number of uniformed insurgents were visible in various parts of it. A long trench led from the outer defenses to the second set, which lay at the edge of the outlying shacks of San Fernando. By creeping along this trench we reached the inner defenses, which were also found to be tenantless. From here we crept along under the shacks until we had advanced to the edge of one of the main streets, where we could lie hidden and watch the unsuspecting enemy as they paced along within twenty feet of us. All of the shacks had been deserted by the villagers who had evidently fled in apprehension of a conflict, and the insurgents were garrisoned in the stone buildings just across a small stream from where we were hidden

BEVERIDGE

Major Bell then carefully studied the situation for some minutes and came to the conclusion that the greater part of the army had retreated northward, leaving a regiment to hold the city as long as possible and then to follow if the Americans proved too strong for them

"I don't think there are so many of 'em here," said Bell, "and I believe we can rush the town as we are." He then outlined his plan of campaign. "We'll line up and charge down the street, shooting and yelling. The insurgents don't know we are here and they won't stop to count us. They'll think there's a million of us and they'll lose no time in making tracks." We solemnly lined up, a gallant army of nineteen, and were all ready to rush down the main street of the insurgent capital. It was at this critical moment that we were discovered. An insurgent who was walking by caught a glimpse of the brown uniforms through the labyrinth of bamboo fencing and he dashed off to give the alarm. A shot was fired, and in an instant every sign of life had disappeared from the streets and open places. They were taking their places in the stone warehouses and in the old stone convent.

CANNON

"We can't do it now," said Major Bell regretfully. "They're prepared for us and they know there can't be very many of us" So he detailed a man to creep back under the shacks to the sunken trench and then make his way to where General MacArthur's forces were resting two miles to the south. General Hale and two battalions of the Iowa's were rushed up and the town was attacked in force. A large body of insurgents—more than we had calculated—put up a stiff fight and fired the city. We forded the little stream under a hot fire, and I had the novel experience of having my horse stop stone still in the middle of the stream where the bullets were dropping with provoking frequency.

The town was captured after an hour's fight and then the important work of getting the news to Manila was to be accomplished. I hurried back to where the main force was stationed and sent two of my carrier pigeons off with the news. But as luck would have it a thunderstorm had blown up, and I doubted very much whether the birds would fly. And as the news seemed to be of great importance I determined not to depend entirely on the pigeons but to try to take the news myself.

HAY

(Concluded on Page 20)

THE SATURDAY
EVENING POST

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ A good State legislature is an able body of men not in session.

¶ A penny saved is an example to the other ninety-nine cents

¶ The Isthmian Canal needs less mud slinging and more dirt digging

¶ "Little Breeches" John Hay has acquired a Panama hat with a feather in it

¶ No man who depends on special laws to make him prosperous was ever a patriot.

¶ Punctuality meets an engagement. Promptness meets a situation. Proficiency meets both.

¶ More is expected of a college man just as naturally as a larger contribution is demanded of a rich man

¶ In politics a harmony dinner is a feast at which the speakers say as much as they dare and leave unsaid what they would most like to say.

¶ Having looped the loop and escaped alive Admiral Schley shows a proper discretion when he states that he will not swing the circle for any Presidential prize.

The Pessimism of Herbert Spencer

THE late Herbert Spencer made a logical application of the doctrine of the survival of the fittest when he declared unreservedly against the modern system of public schools and the education of the children of the poor and unfortunate. He argued that only those who had demonstrated their ability to support themselves were entitled to the advantages that would help to make them self supporting, and that only the children of the strong and prosperous should be educated. By adhering to this course he held that mankind would in time eliminate the poor and the unfortunate altogether. The argument is advanced with Mr. Spencer's usual skill in reasoning and persuasiveness of style; but in its essence how does it differ from the primal instinct of the savage tribes, when they leave the old and the sick to starve or summarily knock them on the head?

Is it true that we must believe that the thousands of men and women who are giving their lives for the good of others are only silly sentimentalists, mere blocks on the wheels of progress? The brutal philosophy of the survival of the fittest may apply to the early stages of the earth's development, "when Nature, red in tooth and claw with ravin, shrieked against" the creed of love; but with the ascent of man to higher levels of thought and conduct there has come into the process of evolution a new factor — the recognition of the great truth that in helping others to a better life is to be found the secret of advancing one's own happiness and welfare. The doctrine of the survival of the fittest lost its meaning as a motive of human progress at the moment when man evolved a moral consciousness and realized that he had duties to his fellows that transcended his duties to himself. At that moment the rule of universal selfishness was broken, and feebly and falteringly, yet surely, began the rule of love

There is no one living on this earth to-day who will see the rule of love supreme in human affairs, but there is no one living who will not see it approach nearer and nearer to the supreme ideal The way to man's happiness and prosperity is not by treading under foot the weak and the unfortunate, but by lifting them up and teaching them to walk for themselves. We have come to realize that the welfare of each is inseparable from the welfare of all; that there can be nowhere on the earth suffering and wrong that does not in some near or remote way affect every living creature; and that in the elimination of suffering and wrong, not in the elimination of those who are wronged and suffer, lies man's best and only hope for the future.

The Flood of Immigration

NOT a day passes without some striking reminder that we have no real history of our country — no interesting narrative that gives in clear, compact and concise form just the *essentials*.

For instance, one of the great factors in the upbuilding of America has been immigration. And so vast is our empire and so little have we done toward conquering it from the wilderness and so many are the new appliances for the work of conquest that to-day we have greater need of immigration than ever before. Yet we hear talk of shutting the gates against the immigrant on the ground that nowadays our immigration has enormously increased and is of a most undesirable kind

If we knew history better our statesmen and our editors would not display such ignorance. If immigration were as great to day as it was half a century ago we should be getting nearly three times as many foreigners each year as we are. And from no place in civilization to-day could there come such floods of illiterate, turbulent, starved peoples as were flooding us in the forties and fifties. Nor had we then any facilities for transforming them into Americans such as we now have.

It is a fact not without significance that some of the most conspicuous advocates of restraining immigration are also conspicuous examples of that type of supercilious, ignorant man of education which is such a deplorable feature of our public life of to-day.

A Tip to Speculators

WHEN a foreign nation talks about putting a duty on wheat some people begin to fear that the American farmer will be driven out of business. But statistics show that wheat is a very small item in our crop totals. According to the returns just published it ranked fourth among American farm products last year. By far the greatest of our crops was that of corn, which was worth $952,868,801, or more than our entire interest bearing national debt. Corn, whether in its natural state or in the form of bacon, is expressly exempted from the Chamberlain tariff scheme, and we consume most of the crop at home in any case.

Second comes cotton, worth about $600,000,000 last year, and incomparably our most important export crop. Cotton also is not to be taxed under the Chamberlain plan.

Third is hay, valued at $556,376,880, or about three times the estimated cost of the Panama Canal. We consume our hay at home, so preferential duties have no terrors for us there.

Fourth, at a good long interval, comes wheat, worth $443,024,826 — less than fifteen per cent. of our whole farm output of $3,100,000,000, not counting stock and dairy products. Of that fifteen per cent. we use two-thirds at home. Of the remaining five per cent. we export about one-half to Great Britain, and the proposed Chamberlain tax would be a small percentage of this fraction of a fraction of a fraction.

The stupendous totals of our farm production make it clear enough why "The Pit" sooner or later swallows up the Curtis Jadwins who try to corner the crops. John D. Rockefeller could not corner the corn crop. Andrew Carnegie could not pay for a year's output of cotton. All the Vanderbilts together could not find the price of the wheat crop. And yet we see little speculators — Leiters and Harpers and Sullys — trying to dam the elemental floods from the farms and hold them in flimsy storage reservoirs.

Sometimes, when demand has outrun supply, they seem to succeed, but the next wave washes over their mud embankments and sends them tumbling down the stream.

In dealing with American crops we are operating, not on the scale of a nation, but on that of a world. More than a quarter of the earth's output of wheat, three-quarters of its corn and five-sixths of its cotton are produced in the United States. This is a point to be remembered by any young speculator who is tempted by the possession of a little spare change to try the experiment of pocketing one of the great American staples.

Another White Man's Burden

IT TAKES a very robust appetite for islands to hanker after the black mess in Haiti. Nevertheless it looks as if, sooner or later, we might have to swallow the dose. The Monroe Doctrine is of redoubtable fibre, but even its tenacity has limits. If Europe some day should ask us by what right we permitted what was once the metropolitan island of the New World to sink into Congo savagery, neither doing anything to preserve civilization ourselves nor permitting anybody else to do it, we might have difficulty in finding an answer

Of the two "republics" that divide the island between them, that of Santo Domingo has usually been rather the better behaved. But now even the Dominicans are finding it tame to drive their revolutions tandem, and are enjoying the excitement of running three abreast.

Nobody knows what the trouble is all about, but the wheel of Dominican politics revolves so rapidly that the statesmen who happen for the moment to be on top do not even ask for foreign recognition, knowing that before a minister could reach his post he would be out of his job

Perhaps direct annexation may be postponed, but has not the time come when we should profit by the British example in dealing with the native States of India? The Indian Princes keep their thrones, but they are allowed to understand that misgovernment has its limits, and British Residents are on hand to tell them what those limits are. American Residents at Port-au-Prince and Santo Domingo might enable the people of the Black and Mahogany Republics to play at government for some time longer.

Murderous Economy

WITH each great loss of life in theatre fire or railway wreck there is a mighty outcry of horror and indignation, much appearance of activity in the public officials, much suggesting of remedial legislation and — nothing is done. The owners of theatres continue to economize on space and fire-proofing; the managers of railways continue to run fire-box passenger coaches and to do all the other things that invite disaster.

Nor will there be any improvement until there is clear recognition of this fundamental principle: Where the criminal negligence is due, directly or indirectly, to those economies made in order to decrease expenses and increase property, the owner or owners or their representatives are criminally to blame, are guilty of murder, and the only point for the jury to determine, after the guilt, is the degree of murder.

When are we to have an end of the lawyer-made distinction between legal and moral responsibility that makes so many men tranquilly risk the lives of thousands of their fellow-beings every day for the sake of a few dollars?

A Rank Heresy

NOT long ago the English began to discuss what were good books to read one's self to sleep with. This led on to a discussion of whether one should read in bed at all. That fundamental matter seems to have been decided in the affirmative by the English

The Americans, let us hope, will continue to hold to their own notion — that bed is the place to sleep in. Reading in bed, thinking in bed, smoking in bed, breakfasting in bed — all these are heretical and should be utterly condemned. Sleep is a vital matter, and when the time for it arrives one should give himself up to it entirely, should stretch his body out so that it is as level as possible, should ring down the curtain on the stage of the mind and should sleep lustily, though, if possible, not noisily. There is a time for wakefulness and a time for sleep. And they shouldn't be mixed

The Heel of Achilles

HARDLY a day passes without its instance of the results of the greatest weakness in our industrial organizations — the "combines" and the trades unions. That weakness is the neglect of the first principle of successful organization — the directing element must be composed of men who have their main stake in the success of the enterprise

Is this true of most of the "combines"? Are their directors men who would be all but ruined if the "combine" they direct should fail? Or, are they men always largely, often more largely, interested elsewhere?

Is this true of the trades unions? Are their managers men who can make more out of the success of the union than out of selling out the union for cash or office?

THE COST

By David Graham Phillips

(CONCLUSION)

IN A DISTANT part of the field all this time was posted the Commander-in-Chief of the army of attack Like all wise commanders in all well-conducted battles, he was far removed from the blinding smoke, from the distracting confusion. He had placed himself where he could hear all, see all, instantly direct all, without being disturbed by trifling reverse or success, by unimportant rumors to vast proportions blown.

To play his game for dominion or destruction John Dumont had had himself arrayed in a wine-colored, wadded silk dressing-gown over his white silk pajamas and had stretched himself on a divan in his sitting-room in his palace. A telephone and a stock-ticker within easy reach were his field-glasses and his aides—the stock-ticker would show him second by second the precise posture of the battle; the telephone would enable him to direct it to the minutest manœuvre.

The telephone led to the ear of his Chief of Staff, Tavistock, who was at his desk in his privatest office in the Mills Building, about him telephones straight to the ears of the division commanders. None of these knew who was their commander: indeed, none knew that there was to be a battle or, after the battle was on, that they were part of one of its two contending armies. They would blindly obey orders, ignorant who was aiming the guns they fired and at whom those guns were aimed. Such conditions would have been fatal to the barbaric struggles for supremacy which ambition has waged through all the past; they are ideal conditions for these modern conflicts of the market which more and more absorb the ambitions of men. Instead of shot and shell and regiments of "cannon food," there are battalions of capital, the paper certificates of the stored-up toil or trickery of men; instead of mangled bodies and dead, there are minds writhing in the anguish of financial peril or numb with the despair of financial ruin. But the stakes are the same old stakes—power and glory and wealth for a few, thousands on thousands dragged or cozened into the battle in whose victory they share scantily, if at all, although they bear its heaviest losses on both sides.

It was half-past eight o'clock when Dumont put the receiver to his ear and greeted Tavistock in a strong, cheerful voice. "Never felt better in my life," was his answer to Tavistock's inquiry as to his health. "Even old Sackett admits I'm in condition. But he says I must have no irritations—so, be careful to carry out orders."

He felt as well as he said. His body seemed the better for its rest and purification, for its long freedom from his occasional but terrific assaults upon it, for having got rid of the superfluous flesh which had been swelling and weighting it.

He made Tavistock repeat all the orders he had given him, to assure himself he had not been misunderstood. As he listened to the rehearsal of his own shrewd plans his eyes sparkled. "I'll bag the last —— of them," he muttered, and his lips twisted into a smile at which Culver winced.

When the ticker clicked the first quotation of Great Lakes Dumont said: "Now, clear out, Culver! And shut the door after you, and let no one interrupt me until I call." He wished to have no restraint upon his thoughts, no eyes to watch his face, no ears to hear what the fortune of the battle might wring from him.

As the ticker pushed out the news of the early declines and recoveries in Great Lakes, Tavistock leading the Fanning-Smith crowd on to make heavier and heavier plunges, Dumont could see in imagination the battle-field—the floor of the Stock Exchange—as plainly as if he were there.

The battle began with a languid cannonade between the two seemingly opposed parts of Dumont's army. Under cover of this he captured most of the available actual shares of Great Lakes—valuable aids toward making his position, his "corner," impregnable. But before he had accomplished his full purpose Zabriskie, nominal lieutenant-commander, actual commander of the Fanning-Smith forces, advanced to give battle. Instead of becoming suspicious at the steadiness of the price under his attacks upon it, Zabriskie was lured on to sell more of those Great Lakes shares which he did not have. And he beamed from his masked position as he thought of the batteries he was holding in reserve for his grand movement to batter down the price of the stock late in the day, and capture these backers of the property that was supposed to be under the protection of the high and honorable Fanning-Smiths.

He was still thinking along this line, as he stood aloof and apparently disinterested, when Dumont began to close in upon him. Zabriskie, astonished by this sudden tremendous fire, was alarmed when under its protection the price advanced He assaulted in force with large selling orders; but the price pushed on and the fierce cannonade of larger and larger buying orders kept up. When Great Lakes had mounted in a dozen bounds from 107 to 139, he for the first time realized that he was facing not an unorganized speculating public but a compact army, directed by a single mind to a single purpose "A lunatic—a lot of lunatics," he said, having not the faintest suspicion of the reason for the creation of these conditions of frenzy. Still, if this rise continued or were not reversed the Fanning-Smiths would be ruined—by whom? "Some of those Western plungers," he finally decided. "I must throw a scare into them."

He could have withdrawn from the battle then with a pitiful remnant of the Fanning-Smiths and their associates—that is, he thought he could, for he did not dream of the existence of the "corner." But he chose the opposite course. He flung off his disguise and boldly attacked the stock with selling orders openly in the name of the Fanning-Smiths. "When they see us apparently unloading our own ancestral property I think they'll take to their heels," he said. But his face was pale as he awaited the effect of his assault.

The price staggered, trembled. The clamor of the battle alarmed those in the galleries of the Stock Exchange—Zabriskie's brokers selling, the brokers of the mysterious speculator buying, the speculating public through its brokers joining in on either side; men shrieking into each other's faces as they danced round and round the Great Lakes pillar. The price went down, went up, went down, down, down—Zabriskie had hurled selling orders for nearly fifty thousand shares at it and Dumont had commanded his guns to cease firing. He did not dare take any more offerings; he had reached the end of the ammunition he had planned to expend at that particular stage of the battle.

The alarm spread and, although Zabriskie ceased selling, the price continued to fall under the assaults of the speculating public, mad to get rid of that which its own best friends were so eagerly and so frankly throwing over. Down, down, down to 120, to 110, to 105——

Zabriskie telephoned victory to his nominal commander, lifting him, weak and trembling, from the depths into which he had fallen, to an at least upright position upon his embossed leather throne. Then Zabriskie began slowly and stealthily to cover his appallingly long line of "shorts" by making purchases at the lowest obtainable prices—104—103—101—99—106!

The price rebounded so rapidly and so high that Zabriskie was forced to stop his retreat. Dumont, noting the celerity with which the enemy were escaping under cover of the demoralization, had decided no longer to delay the move for which he had saved himself. He had suddenly exploded under the falling price mine after mine of buying orders that blew it skyward. Zabriskie's retreat was cut off.

But before he had time to reason out this savage renewal of the assault by that mysterious foe whom he thought he had routed, he saw a new and more dreadful peril. Brackett, his firm's secret broker, rushed to him and, to make himself heard through the hurly-burly, shouted into his ear.

"Look what's doing in Woolens!"

Dumont had ordered a general assault upon his enemies, front, rear and both flanks. His forces were now attacking not only through Great Lakes but also through Woolens. Two apparently opposing sets of his brokers were trading in Woolens, were hammering the price down, down, a point, an eighth, a half, a quarter, at a time. The sweat burst out all over Zabriskie's body and his eyes rolled wildly. He was caught among four fires:

To continue to sell Great Lakes in face of its rising price—that was ruin. To cease to sell it and so let its price go up to where he could not buy when settlement time came—that was ruin. To sell Woolens, to help batter down its price, to shrink the value of his enormous investment in it—ruin again. To buy Woolens in order to hold up its price, to do it when he would need all obtainable cash to extricate him from the Great Lakes entanglement—ruin, certain ruin.

His judgment was gone; his brute instinct of fighting was dominant; he began to strike out wildly, his blows falling either nowhere or upon himself.

At the Woolens post he was buying in the effort to sustain its price, buying stock that might be worthless when he got it—and that he might not be able to pay for. At the Great Lakes post he was selling in the effort to force the price down, selling more and more of a stock he did not have and —— At last the thought flashed into his befuddled brain: "There may be a corner in Great Lakes. What if there were no stock to be had?"

He struck his hands against the sides of his head. "Trapped!" he groaned, then bellowed in Brackett's ear, "Sell Woolens—do the best you can to keep the price up, but sell at any price! We must have money—all we can get! And tell Farley"—Farley was Brackett's partner—"to buy Great Lakes—buy all he can get—at any price. Somebody's trying to corner us!"

He felt—with an instinct he could not question—that there was indeed a corner in Great Lakes, that he and his house and their associates were caught Caught with promises to deliver thousands upon thousands of shares of Great Lakes, when Great Lakes could be had only of the mysterious cornerer, and at the price he might choose to ask!

"If we've got to go down," he said to himself, "I'll see that it's a tremendous smash anyhow, and that we ain't alone in it." For he had in him the stuff that makes a man lead a forlorn hope with a certain joy in the very hopelessness of it.

The scene on the day of Dumont's downfall was a calm in comparison with the scene which Dumont, sitting alone among the piled-up coils of ticker-tape, was reconstructing from its, to him, vivid second-by-second sketchings.

The mysterious force which had produced a succession of earthquakes moved horribly on, still in mystery impenetrable, to produce a cataclysm. In the midst of the chaos two vast whirlpools formed—one where Great Lakes sucked down men and fortunes, the other where Woolens drew some down to destruction, flung others up to wealth. Then Rumor, released by Tavistock when Dumont saw that the crisis had arrived, ran hot foot through the Exchange, screaming into the ears of the brokers, shrieking through the telephones, howling over the telegraph wires, "A corner! A corner! Great Lakes is cornered!" Thousands besides the Fanning-Smith coterie had been gambling in Great Lakes, had sold shares they did not have. And now all knew that to get them they must go to the unknown, but doubtless merciless, master-gambler—unless they could save themselves by instantly buying elsewhere before the steel jaws of the corner closed and clinched.

Reason fled, and self-control. The veneer of civilization was torn away to the last shred; and men, turned brute again, gave themselves up to the elemental passions of the brute.

In the quiet, beautiful room in upper Fifth Avenue was Dumont in his wine-colored wadded silk dressing-gown and white silk pajamas. The floor near his lounge was littered with the snakelike coils of ticker-tape. They rose almost to his knees as he sat and through telephone and ticker drank in the massacre of his making, glutted himself with the joy of the vengeance he was taking—on his enemies, on his false or feeble friends, on the fickle public that had trampled and spat upon him. His wet hair was hanging in strings upon his forehead. His face was flushed and his green-gray eyes gleamed like a mad dog's. At intervals a jeer or grunt of gratified appetite ripped from his mouth or nose. Like a great lean spider he lay hid in the centre of his mighty net of electric wires, watching his enemies writhe helpless.

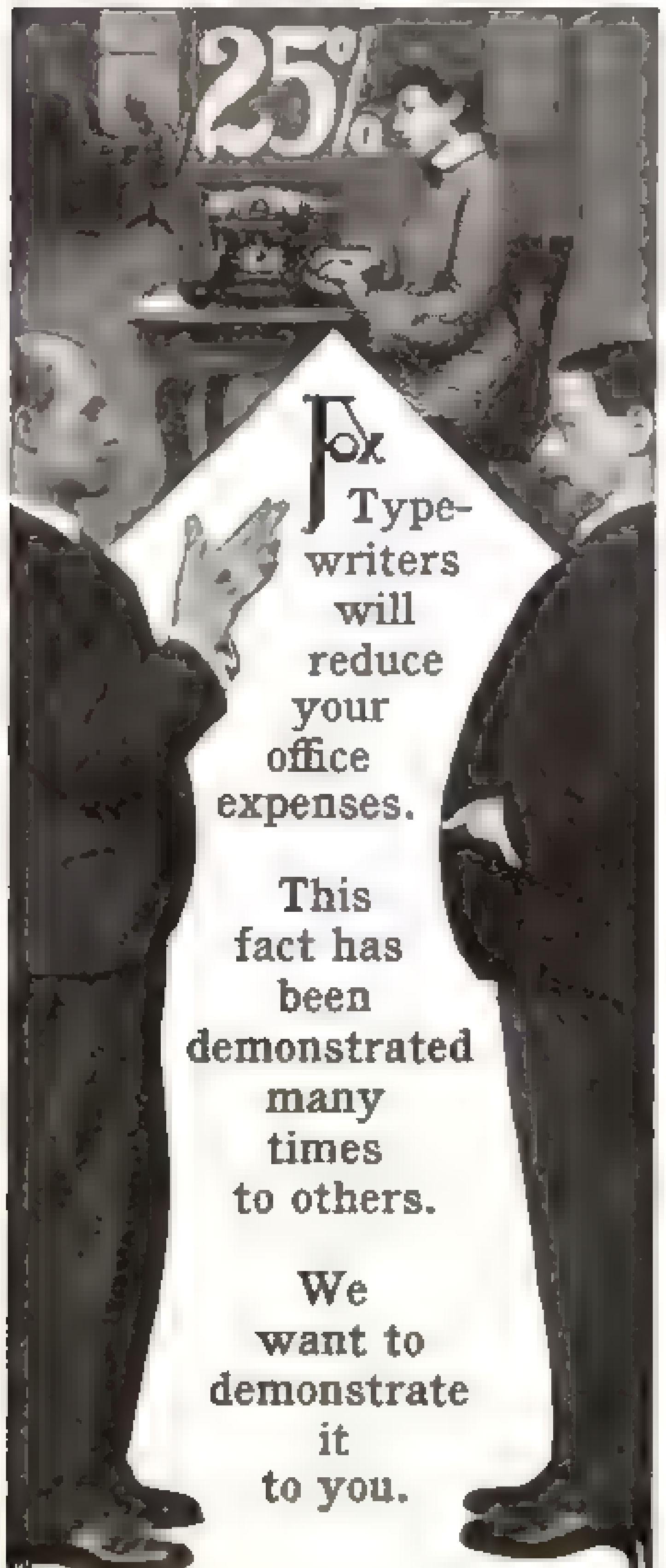
Pauline opened the door and looked—glanced, rather. As she closed the door, in haste to shut from view that spectacle of a hungry monster at its banquet of living flesh, Culver saw her face. Such an expression an angel might have did it chance to glance down from the battlements of Heaven and, before it could turn away, catch a glimpse of some foul orgie in Hell.

But Dumont was too absorbed to hear the door open and close. He was at the climax of his feast.

Upon his two maelstroms, sucking in the wreckage from a dozen other explosions as well as from the two which he had directly caused, he could see as well as if he were among the fascinated, horrified spectators in the galleries of the Exchange, the mangled flotsam whirling and descending and ascending. The entire stock list, the entire speculating public of the country was involved. And expression of all the emotions everywhere was by telegraph and telephone concentrated in the one hall, upon the faces and bodies of those few hundred brokers. All the passions which love of wealth and dread of want breed in the human animal were there finding vent—all degrees and shades and modes of greed, of hate, of fear, of despair. It was like a shipwreck where the whole fleet is flung upon the reefs, and the sailors, drunk and insane, struggle with death each in his own awful way. It was like the rout where frenzied victors ride after and among frenzied vanquished to shoot and stab and sabre.

And while this battle, precipitated by the passions of a few "captains of industry," raged in Wall Street and filled the

CORRESPONDENCE EXPENSES *cut*



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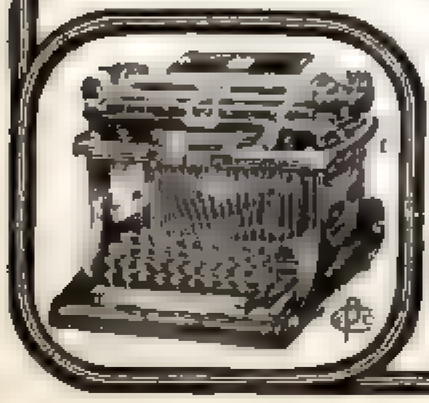

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nation with the clamor of ruined or triumphant gamblers, ten score thousand toilers in the two great enterprises directly involved toiled tranquilly on — herding sheep and shearing them, weaving cloths and dyeing them, driving engines, handling freight, conducting trains — usefully busy at adding to the sum of human happiness, at subtracting from the sum of human misery.

At three o'clock Dumont sank back among his cushions and pillows. His child, his other self, his Woolens Monopoly, was again his own; his enemies were under his heel, as much so as those heaps and coils of ticker-tape which he had been churning in his excitement. "I'm dead tired," he muttered, his face ghastly, his body relaxed in utter helplessness.

He closed his eyes. "I must sleep — I've earned it. To-morrow" — a smile flitted round his mouth — "I'll hang their hides where every coyote and vulture can see." And he was asleep.

Toward four o'clock in came Doctor Sackett and Culver. The room was flooded with light — the infinite light of the late-spring afternoon reflected on the white enamel and white brocade of walls and furniture. On the floor in the heaps and coils of ticker-tape lay Dumont.

In his struggles the tape had wound round and round his legs, his arms, his head. It lay in a curling, coiling mat, like a serpent's head, upon his throat, where his hands clutched the collar of his pajamas.

Sackett knelt beside him, listening at his chest, feeling for his pulse — in vain. And Culver stood by, staring stupidly at the now worthless instrument of his ambition for wealth and power.

Within two hours Langdon, in full control, had arranged with Tavistock to make the imperiled victory secure. Thus, not until the next day but one did it come out that the cataclysm had been caused by a man ruined and broken and with his back against Death's door to hold it shut; that Dumont himself changed the triumphing host of his enemies into a flying mob, in its panic flinging away its own possessions as well as its booty.

Perhaps the truth never would have been known had Langdon found out a day earlier how his brother-in-law had put himself in funds. As it was, that discovery did not come too late for him to seize his dazzling opportunity through Dumont's secret methods and Pauline's utter indifference to wealth and his own forehanded authority. He got many an hour of — strictly private — mental gymnastics out of the moral problem he saw in his keeping the spoils he gathered up, except the comparatively small part for Barrow and the other members of the syndicate. He was inclined to think he had been intelligent rather than right; but, knowing his weakness for self-criticism, he never gave positive verdicts against himself. That, however, is unimportant, as he is not the sort of man who permits conscience to influence conduct in grave matters.

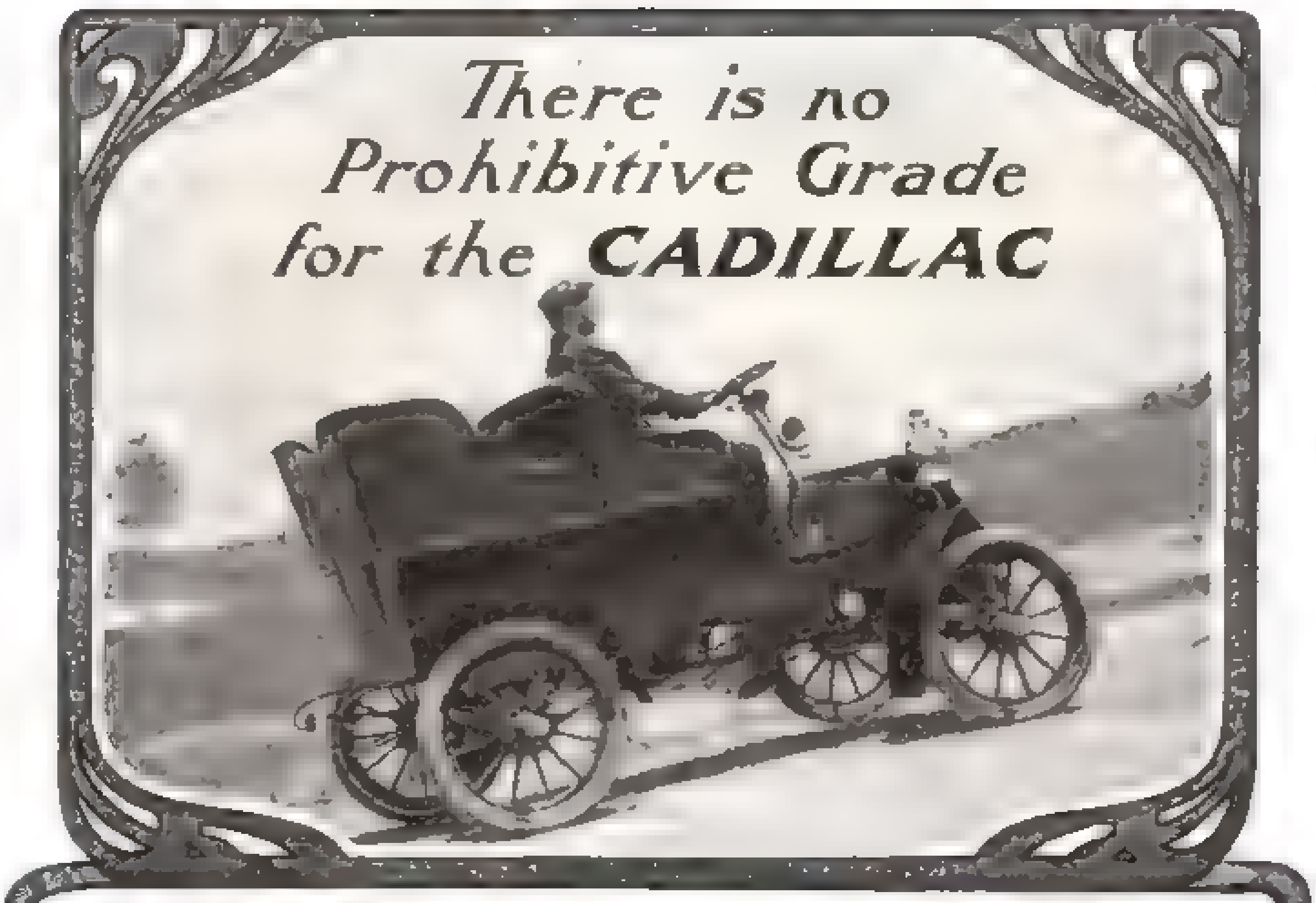
In any case, he did not despoil Pauline or Gardiner. For, as soon as he told her what Dumont had done — and to protect himself he hastened to tell her — she said: "Whatever estate there may be, it's all for Gardiner. I waive my own rights, if I have any. But you must give me your word of honor that you won't let anything tainted pass to him." Langdon, judging with the delicacy of a man of honor put on honor, was able to find little such wealth.

He takes to himself most of the credit for Gardiner's turning out so well — "inherited riches are a hopeless handicap" — Pauline —

It was in Scarborough's third year as Governor, just before he was elected to the United States Senate, that he and she were married. They had but one regret, the universal sigh — that time is the only commodity accepted at the school where the science and art of living must be learned. Many are the pupils at that school who spend their all there. Scarborough and Pauline were, at least, not of these. When they went forth together they had both the knowledge to appreciate life's real values and the youth to enjoy them.

What more could mortals ask?

THE END



The Cadillac Automobile will go up any grade of any well-traveled road, without balk — most time without change of gear. The Cadillac does more than overcome grades — it is a machine for all roads and all seasons. Mr. I. L. Atwood, an auto novice, drove a Cadillac containing three passengers from New York to Waterbury, Conn., 93 miles, at an average speed of 13 miles an hour without a stop.

This is a typical

CADILLAC

performance — no accident, no repairs but perfect satisfaction. No gaskets to burn or blow out; new sparking device endorsed by all gas engine experts; same copper water jacket as [illegible] latest French [illegible]; speed ranging [illegible] hour; only two pieces to [illegible] cost ten or more in others; [illegible] bronze bearings; mechanically operated valves. Model A, 1904, with the Detachable Tonneau seating four *facing forward* $850. Without tonneau, the smartest of Runabouts, $750. Our free illustrated booklet O. gives address of agency nearest you where the Cadillac may be seen and tried.

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Sample Free

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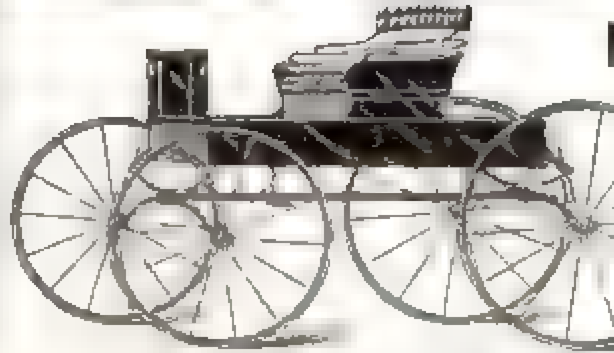

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We Guarantee to Fit You

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We have a splendid line of very light weight fabrics particularly adapted for our Southern patrons and also a choice assortment of materials suitable for those of our customers residing in cooler climates. We do not carry wash goods.

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We Guarantee to fit and please you. [illegible] free [illegible] New Spring Catalogue No. 51 [illegible] what you wish.

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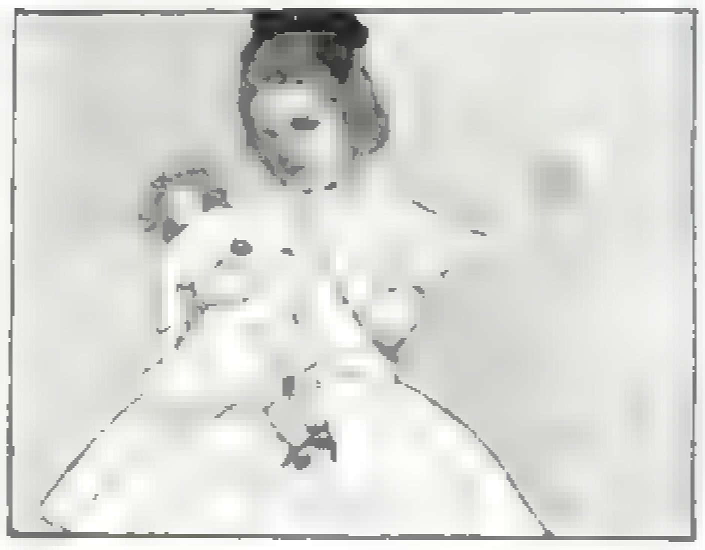
Chronicles of The Little Tot

By Edmund Vance Cooke



At the Concert

Yesterday papa asked me did It want to go
Out wif him. Papa he calls me "It," you know
And I says "Hm hm!" 'cause "Hm-hm" means
"Yes,"
And papa he looks at me and he says, "I guess
It can go all right. That's a awful dress
But its coat will cover it up and its hat
Will cover its hair, so we needn't comb that.
If I'm good enough, why, I guess It'll do
He says, and he went right out — and me, too.

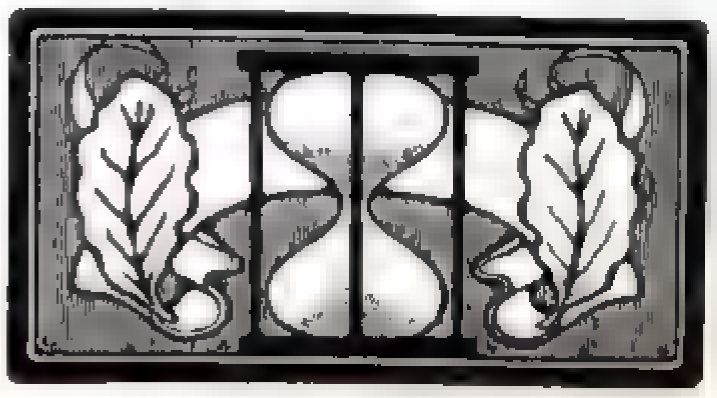
Yesterday we rode and we rode and papa he
Give me a penny, but 'twasn't fer me,
'Cause a man wif a cap on he took it away
When papa says, "This feller's going to pay."
And I pushed the ringer that stops the car
When you want to get off where the thee-ter are.
And I give 'nother penny where the man peeks
through
And he let papa in — and he let me, too

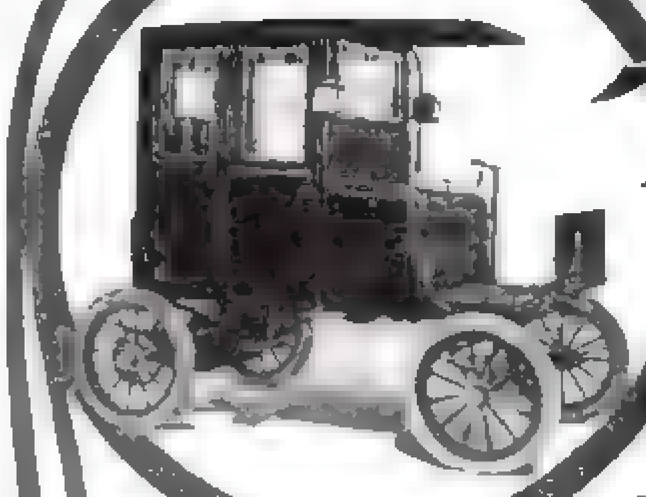
Yesterday a lot of mens, they blew
On a horn and a drum, like I like to do,
And they blew and they blew and made more noise
Than free, four, forty hundred boys
And a man — their papa I guess he wuz —
He shook a stick at 'em — like my pa does
And the more that he shook why the worser they
blew.
They *knew* he was their *papa* — and I did, too.

Yesterday a mamma come out then and I said
Was *her* mamma gettin' her fixed fer bed?
'Cause her dress was off, and papa says, "Look
And you ll see," and the papa-man shook
His stick at her, like he done it before,
And she sauced him back and he done it some more.
And the mens with the horns and the drums they
blew.
And she just *hollered!* — and I did, too

Yesterday papa says, "Ssh! don't you know
You mustn't 'terrup' the lady so?"
And I says, "No, papa, I don't see
Why I mustn't. Ain't she 'terruptin' me?"
And papa laughs and says, "Well, you're the
worst."
And I says, "*Anyway*, she hollered first."
And everybody was glad when she got through
And pat-a-caked and pat a-caked — and I did, too.

Yesterday papa he says, "Here!
Take that and stop your mouth, now, that's a
dear!"
And he gimme chawk-late candy and I eat
A lot and spread the rest out on the seat.
And then a lady wif a white dress on, she come
A scrougin' in and sat right down on them!
And papa grabbed me up and he says, "Whew!
I'm glad we got away *alive!*" — and I was, too.





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1904 Model No. 26

is by far the "smartest" station and general utility wagon yet produced. Highly polished black body, Brewster green panels, coach red gears and wheels. Other color combinations can be had if desired. Richly upholstered in hand buffed, dark green leather or any color of Broadcloth. Motor equipment consists of two 3-Horsepower motors, improved design, each capable of an overload capacity of an additional 3 H. P. Speeds 5 to 15 miles an hour. A safety switch for disconnecting the motors is conveniently located to the rear seat. **Price $1,800.**

POPE Waverley ELECTRICS

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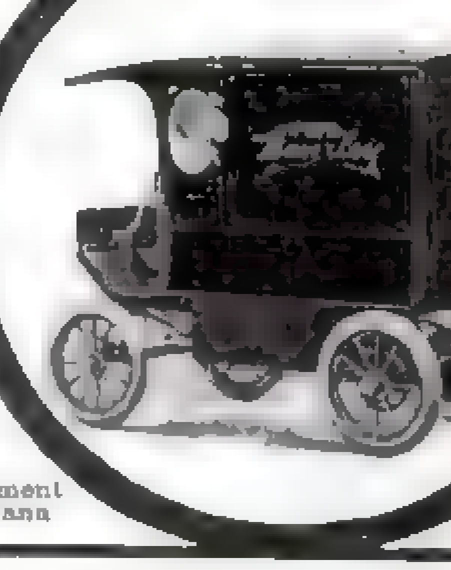
is a perpetual advertisement of progress. Automobile delivery stands for enterprise and [illegible] the Pope-Waverley Electric has proven itself the most reliable, the quickest and most economical delivery wagon. We can cite hundreds of instances where one Pope-Waverley is doing the work formerly taxing the capacity of three horse-drawn wagons.



Pope-Waverley Model, No. 23 — shown in the illustration has a [illegible] two [illegible] power motors of improved design, each capable of an overload capacity of [illegible] H. P. Speeds 5 to 12 miles an hour. We can furnish this vehicle without top if desired. **Price $1,400.**

Our 1904 Catalogue [illegible] Edison Battery.

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THE 1904 model of the Yale 16 H. P. Touring Car has every desirable feature of the best domestic and foreign built cars costing $2,500 to $5,000, and the price is $1,500. The Yale is equipped with a two cylinder opposed type motor; two speeds forward and reverse; chain drive; and will take easily any road any other can travel. The car comfortably seats four people. In outline, style, and appearance, no other car, at anything like the price, can approach it.

Our 1904 catalogue contains engravings from photographs of the Yale and full specifications. Before you buy it will pay you well to get into correspondence with us

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This motto is not a mere advertising "cat[illegible]" but represents the standard of the BURPEE [illegible] SEEDS [illegible] seeds of the highest grade [illegible] our business but our pleasure as well.

Burpee's Farm Annual

"THE LEADING AMERICAN SEED CATALOGUE" [illegible] PLAIN TRUTH about seeds, but has also **many new features for 1904. An elegant book of 176 pages,** [illegible] of illustrations from nature and **six superb lithographic colored plates,** —all painted from nature, at our famous FORDHOOK FARMS. It presents also twenty-one [illegible] of America's Largest Mail [illegible] Seed Trade,—views in both town and country.

It's Free! to any address on **a postal card,** [illegible] [illegible] better **Write TO-DAY!**

Perhaps [illegible] to try [illegible] Special [illegible] for 1904. ☞ If so, kindly read the rest of this advertisement.

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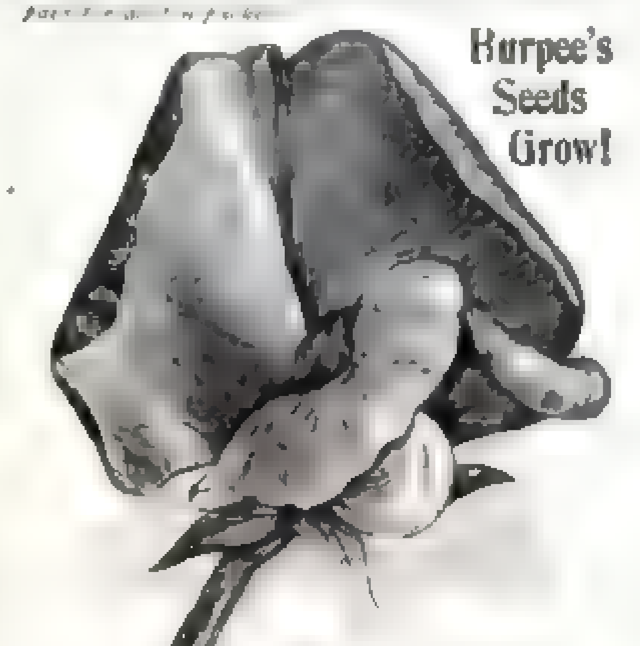
For 25 Cts. [illegible] each of all the [illegible] **Little Gem SWEET ALYSSUM** [illegible] **Fordhook Favorites among ASTERS** [illegible] **Burpee's Defiance BALSAMS** [illegible] **Dwarf Marguerite CARNATIONS** [illegible] **Burpee's New Giant flowered NASTURTIUMS** [illegible] **Royal Prize PANSIES** with free-flowering and [illegible] **Largest-flowering PHLOX DRUMMONDII** [illegible] **—Fordhook Fairy POPPIES,** [illegible] in many colors; a large packet of **Burpee's New Grand Tall SWEET PEAS,** as specially prepared for 1904, and a small packet of **the most beautiful New PLUMED CELOSIAS** [illegible]



Eight Elegant New Sweet Peas

For 25 Cts. we will mail, postpaid, one regular retail packet each of the following "Eight Best" new Sweet Peas: **BURPEE'S DAINTY,** the [illegible] **LORD ROSEBERRY** [illegible] **JANET SCOTT** [illegible] **LADY GRISEL HAMILTON,** [illegible] **THE HON MRS E KENYON,** [illegible] **COCCINEA** [illegible] **JEANIE GORDON** [illegible] **BURPEE'S BEST MIXED FOR 1904**

☞ **The Seven Superb Separate Sorts are shown painted from nature** [illegible] is described on page 1[illegible] of our new Catalogue for 1904.

25 Cts. buys all the above Eight Elegant Sweet Peas and in each collection we enclose our NEW LEAFLET ON CULTURE FOR 1904.

Seven Superb Nasturtiums

For 25 Cts. we mail one full size packet each of **all seven distinct types.** The beau[illegible] **Dwarf Lilliput** in best mixture,—the [illegible] **Burpee's "Gorgeous" New Tom Thumb,** [illegible] **Tom Pouce,** [illegible] **Lobb's Finest Mixed,** [illegible] **Burpee's Hotspur Harlequin** [illegible] **Ivy Leaved** [illegible] the finest **Burpee's Superb Giant-flowered Nasturtiums**

☞ In the large bag enclosing each collection is included a copy of our NEW LEAFLET on culture.

Vegetables! "Five Finest" Fordhook Famous New Vegetables

For 25 Cts. we will mail, postpaid, one full size packet [illegible] at ten cents per packet **each of the following** [illegible] FAMOUS CUCUMBER, the largest, most handsome, and finest flavored of all cucumbers [illegible] BURPEE'S NEW [illegible] [illegible] largest [illegible] extreme weather.

Above Five are all shown, painted from nature on the cover or plates in our New Catalogue [illegible] vegetables that you [illegible] **select a packet of either** [illegible] BURPEE'S BUSH LIMA BEAN.

☞ [illegible] in which changes are [illegible] **you can select any five for 25 cts.** Surely you [illegible] season *at least five of the Finest New Vegetables* [illegible] *which FORDHOOK is so famous!*

For One Dollar we will mail all the seeds advertised [illegible] twenty-five packets [illegible] New Sweet Peas, Best Nasturtiums and other beautiful annual flowers [illegible] in all **thirty-five full size packets for only ONE DOLLAR!**

Or For One Dollar you can have **ANY FIVE Collections** —and mailed to separate addresses if so requested. ☞ Be sure to ask for **Burpee's Farm Annual for 1904** when ordering—if you have not yet received a copy. **Write TO-DAY!**

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., Philadelphia

The Reading Table

A Night in Bohemia

WHEN Phil May died there passed away not only a wonderful pen-and-ink artist but also a most persistent and thoroughgoing Bohemian. The kingdom of Bohemia in these latter days, it must be confessed, is somewhat fallen into decay, general prosperity has been a sad blow to it; there are still plenty of casual visitors and dwellers along its coast, but those entitled to full citizenship are becoming rare.

However, Bohemia is not yet wholly depopulated, and when May came across the Atlantic a few years ago he met a fellow citizen of the realm in the person of the late Stephen Crane. Though Crane's published work suggests a sombreness not detected in May's, the man was, nevertheless, possessed of a store of full-blooded humor. The two struck up a warm friendship. May drew Crane's picture on a piece of strawboard with a very stubby quill pen, and Crane gave May the manuscript of his Black Riders, those queer poems which he used to say came to him and sat along on a shelf like bits of porcelain bric-à-brac till he reached up and took them down—a ray of light on them which, unfortunately, does not illume.

It chanced one evening that the artist and writer went to the theatre. The play over with, they journeyed to a restaurant just off of Broadway for supper. It was a cold night in winter, but it need occasion no surprise when it is made known that Crane had no overcoat. May referred to the situation delicately, and Crane replied jauntily that he never wore one except in fall and spring, when the weather was changeable and dangerous. He vaguely added something about this being a pretty general custom in America and then changed the subject quite by chance. May was wearing a fine fur-lined coat, though his other garments were somewhat indifferent.

The two had a rather long and altogether satisfactory meal, and during its course discussed many subjects of vital import, such as the shameless ease with which publishers get rich, and so forth. The waiter brought the bill. It was a dark hour for the two men, but by a combined effort they made up the required amount, with fifteen cents for the serving-man. But each pocket was left like Lucy Locket's—with not a penny in it. May reached for his overcoat. It was gone. An appeal, doing no injustice to the vocabulary of either, was made to the proprietor. Never before, perhaps, were shoulders so beshrugged. He responsibeel for ze overcoats of ze zhentlemans? Parbleu! The two friends passed out into the thoughtful and brooding night.

There were cabs and other wheeled inventions about, but all were plying for hire, so vehicles, so far as the two geniuses in the doorway were concerned, might as well not have existed. May peered up and down the street, shivered and said:

"I'd like to know, Steve, what I'm to do. It must be three miles to my lodgings, and the coldest night I ever saw. Now, if I was one of you Americans, who only wear your greatcoats in September and late in April, why——"

"Yes, yes," broke in Crane, hastily suppressing an involuntary shiver, "of course. Don't worry, though, Phil; I have a plan. We'll just go down to Frank Ver Beck's studio and get something."

"But he isn't there at this time in the morning, is he?" said May.

"Oh, no; but he always leaves the key under the doormat. Everybody knows about it."

They accordingly sought the studio, lit the gas and looked around. "Verby's coat ought to be here," said May. "Of course, he isn't wearing it at this time of the year."

"Certainly not," returned Crane nervously, "but I'm afraid he keeps it at home. Or it may be—elsewhere. Hah, here's the thing! There—so—you're fixed!" as he pulled a large tiger-skin down from the wall

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24 Leading Makes of Pianos

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Lyon & Healy
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14

[illegible]

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Enclosed find 4 cts. Please send me your **Piano Book,** also Bargain List of Pianos.

Name

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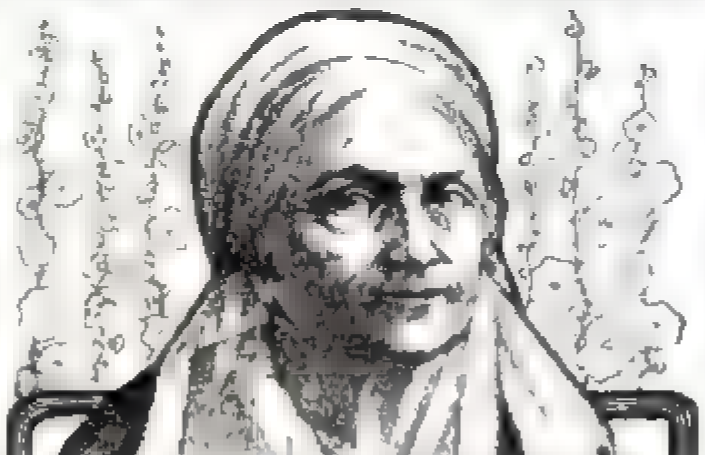

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Universal Keyboard, Visible Writing, Interchangeable Type. Strong Manifolder. A simply but strongly constructed machine. By the **POSTAL EASY INSTALMENT PLAN** you can own one of these machines easily and quickly. *Sent C. O. D. for one week's trial on receipt of $4.00 for expressage. Send for Booklet Describing Plan.*

Reliable Agents Wanted

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and threw it gracefully about May's shoulders, stripes outward, much to the artist's delight They locked the door and replaced the key in its accustomed place. On the street May insisted on sharing the skin with his companion, saying that as it was not, properly speaking, an overcoat, there could be no danger in it even for an American. Crane was glad enough of its warmth, and shoulder to shoulder, wrapped in the tiger-skin, they went through a side street and started up Broadway

Even at half past three in the morning Broadway is well peopled, and they did not lack for observers. A small crowd, made up about equally of those who had not yet gone to bed and those who had just got up, was soon at their heels. The fact that May, in a deep, church-organ tone, was repeating Gray's Elegy did not detract from the scene. He was just chanting impressively

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray,

when a policeman, fully as wide as both of them together, came around the corner and they walked straight into his arms He was more surprised than they, but he instantly scented Crime, and demanded to know where they "was after gettin' the hide of the baste" Crane began an elaborate explanation while May continued solemnly to intone Gray. The guardian took them both to the station-house

Here it was at least warm, but the prospect of cells, and, to their active imaginations, chains, was not pleasing. The sergeant behind the desk had a cold, suspicious eye As the native, Crane saw that the burden of the situation rested on him. Pushing May to the rear and leaving him enveloped in the skin he approached the desk and said

"I'll tell you how it is, sergeant Friend of mine — Englishman — great artist — painted portrait of Queen the other day. Here on visit — no overcoat — between you and me I suspect he has pawned it. I had fine overcoat myself — went to restaurant — coat stolen Friend cold — took him to my studio and got tiger-skin for him to wear home. Skin mine, sergeant — tiger mine before the skin was removed — great pet — killed by cable-car. But it's all right, sergeant; oh, it's — all — right!"

The sergeant was used to taking statements with a grain of salt, and he did not neglect to apply this condiment now. However, they were clearly not criminals. "Have you a visiting card about you?" he asked

Crane somewhat reluctantly produced a card. Rather oddly, the sergeant recognized the name as that of the author of The Red Badge of Courage. But he still hesitated, when May stepped forward and tossed an envelope on the desk, on the back of which he had drawn a caricature of the sergeant, but a striking likeness, and in his best manner. The man looked at it and laughed

"Well," he said, "leave the tiger-skin here and go on home — quietly."

"Ten cents for the portrait. It's his regular price," said Crane, holding up his hand

The sergeant gave him the coin, and the two friends went out and boarded a car for home. The next morning Ver Beck received this by messenger boy

> *Dear Verby:* Your tiger-skin got loose last night and did great damage along Broadway. Finally captured and taken to the Tenderloin station
>
> STEVE MAY
> PHIL CRANE

Later and More Favorable

PRESIDENTIAL election night in 1888 "Private" John M. Allen, of Mississippi, was at the headquarters of the National Democratic Committee in New York. Even as early as ten o'clock it looked decidedly blue to most of those who hoped that Cleveland had defeated Harrison. One man from Illinois would not give up. He wanted to hear more from the country districts

An Indiana man felt that the Hoosier State was all right. He took no stock in the reports from Indianapolis. "Just wait," he declared, "until the counties along the Ohio River are heard from."

Everybody but Allen agreed that the later returns would be more favorable. Finally Allen was asked what he thought about it "I wish, gentlemen," he remarked, "I had your faith. I gave up as early as nine o'clock. Your 'later and more favorable' talk reminds me of a story. Once a horse ran away with a man. A friend sent a telegram to his wife informing her that her husband had been thrown out of a buggy and that his neck and both legs had been broken Subsequently he sent her a rush message headed: 'Later and more favorable — only his neck and one leg broken.'"

Not
The Sticky
Sort

Kingsford's Silver Gloss Starch does not stick and burn under the iron. It *goes in* — fills up the pores of the goods and responds to the ironing with a whiteness and smoothness of finish that is surprisingly fine

Kingsford's
OSWEGO
Silver Gloss
STARCH

is elegant for fine laces, curtains, linens and muslins. Gives a freshness, delicacy and newness that is charming. A starch that never varies, hence never disappoints. Goes furthest because purest.

Sold everywhere

THE OSWEGO
STARCH FACTORY
Oswego, N. Y.

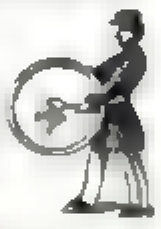
BUY A Wood Mantel

[illegible] of us. We have the largest variety and give the best value for the money. Beautiful Oak Mantels complete with tile and grate $13.50 to $150.00. Delivered free East of Mississippi River. Points beyond pro rata.

No. 988, as here illustrated, gives a fair idea of our prices. Beautifully quartered Golden Oak, piano polish, 7 feet high, 5 feet wide, French beveled mirror, 18 x 36 ins., complete with best tiles and grate, delivered as above, on receipt of $30.00. Absolute guarantee of satisfaction, or money refunded. $30.00

Send for 56-page illustrated catalogue, showing 50 new and exclusive mantels. It's free.

C. F. BROWER & CO., Lexington, Kentucky
"The Mail Order Mantel House."



BRASS BAND

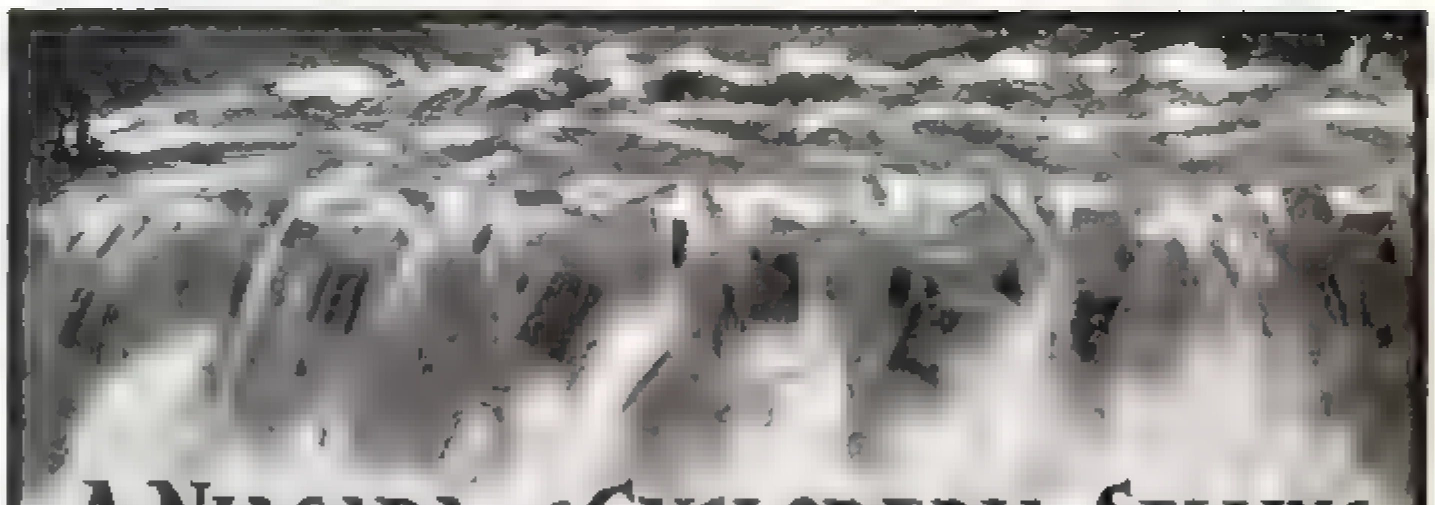
Instruments, Drums, Uniforms. Lyon & Healy "Own-Make" Instruments are preferred by Thomas Orchestra, Banda Rossa, Mascagni, etc. Lowest prices. Big Catalog, 1000 illustrations, *mailed free;* it gives [illegible] for amateur bands

LYON & HEALY, 10 Adams St., Chicago

MAGIC LANTERNS
STEREOPTICONS and Moving Picture Machines. Write and we will tell you how to give entertainments that PAY

Catalogue FREE.

McALLISTER, MFG. OPTICIAN, 49 Nassau St., New York.



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The standard authority in the Government Departments, libraries, and schools throughout the country, this Cyclopædia is now offered

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The question of price has deterred many from buying a cyclopædia **The coupon cuts the price in ½ — mail it promptly.**

This new cyclopædia with companion volume, "Educational Courses in Study and Reading," is 4 times the value of any other. **10c. a day pays for it.**

THE ½ PRICE COUPON

HALF PRICE CYCLOPÆDIA CO
5-7 East 16th Street, New York

Please send without obligation to me specimen pages of Appletons' New Cyclopædia and full information of the **½-price offer** and **10c.-a-day plan of payment.**

Name

Address

THE FREE (?) OFFER

IF YOU KNEW IN ADVANCE THAT

The Wings of the Morning

WOULD MIGHTILY PLEASE YOU AND YOUR FAMILY, WOULD YOU BUY IT?

It is the prettiest romance and at the same time the best tale of adventure you have been offered for many a day.

Right from the First Page the Action Begins

Now to interest you and to let you see how fascinating this delightful story is, we will mail absolutely *FREE*, the first three chapters of **The Wings of the Morning,** on receipt of this "*Free*" Coupon. If you like these chapters, you can buy the book from any one that sells books, or direct for **$1.50.**

E. J. CLODE, Publisher
156 Fifth Avenue New York City

S.E.P.
FREE COUPON
E. J. CLODE:
156 5th Ave., N Y City
Please mail without cost three chapters of **The Wings of the Morning.**

SOLD
THE
WORLD
OVER
PICKERING PK MANFG CO.
TRADE MARK

Ask your dealer for the famous Pickering Knit Underwear for Ladies and Gentlemen.

PK TRADE MARK

It has no equal. If your dealer does not keep it, send us his name, also your name and address, and we will send you free one of our **beautifully illustrated** booklets, containing a description of our popular styles and list of prices. We manufacture over three hundred different styles. The following numbers are special value:

Style 2348. Men's Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers made from our specially imported Combed Egyptian Cotton; the best garments ever sold at 50c

Style A. Ladies' Medium Weight Vest at 50c

Our 25c goods for ladies and gentlemen are known all over the country as being unexcelled in fit and finish

Look for our trade mark PK on all knit underwear

Pickering Mfg. Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

At Meals and 'tween Meals

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

Is a delicious, invigorating food-drink, far superior to tea or coffee as a table beverage. A valuable addition to the dietary in case of impaired digestion, and for those fatigued or run down. Recuperative during the close confinement of the winter months.

It is pure, rich milk, and an extract of selected malted grain, in powder form. Instantly prepared by simply stirring in water. Also in *tablet* form, in either natural or chocolate flavor

Our booklet tells of many other valuable uses. Mailed with sample, free upon request.

At All Druggists.

Ask for **HORLICK'S**, the original; all others are imitations.

Horlick's Food Co., Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

34 Farringdon Road, London, Eng. 25 St. Peter Street, Montreal, Can

Karo

CORN SYRUP

the new table delicacy
pleases the palate and
satisfies the stomach
Delicious and nutritious.
At all grocers,
10c, 25c and 50c.
CORN PRODUCTS CO.,
New York and Chicago

The Advertising World

COLUMBUS OHIO

A practical journal of useful information, ideas, plans and suggestions for advertising. 8th year; 24 to 32 pages monthly. Send today for FREE sample, or 10c for 4 months' trial.

Literary Folk

Their Ways and Their Work

AN AUTHORIZED BIOGRAPHY—We are promised the Life of Thomas Nast by one of his own caricatures

¶Albert Bigelow Payne, the writer, is tall and slender, with a whimsical cast of countenance suggesting good nature and the artistic temperament. His appearance never fails to win the heart of every child he encounters, so, as he says himself, it "can't be so alarming." That he is capable of an unprejudiced view is shown by his description of himself in his book, The Bread-Line "His disarranged hair and the light on his glasses gave him the appearanee of a very tall beetle."

Mr. Paine was coming downtown one morning recently in a crowded New York elevated car. He was clinging to a strap and contending single-handed with a sixteen-page newspaper. The first button of his overcoat was inserted in the second buttonhole. Jay Hambidge, the artist, saw him, stepped over and said

"Paine I hear you are writing the authorized biography of Thomas Nast."

"Yes," said Mr. Paine, "I am."

"Tell you what you do—put this on the title-page: 'Life of Thomas Nast: By One of His Caricatures'"

OUR ILLUSTRATORS—A brief notice of the recent work of four among the better known.

¶ The holiday season this year gave an excellent opportunity for contrasting more in the mass than one can in the magazines the work of several of our better known illustrators. Mr. Howard Chandler Christy publishes his illustrations in color and black and white to Longfellow's Miles Standish *(The Bobbs-Merrill Company)*; Mr Gibson collects the pen drawings of the last year or more in The Weaker Sex *(Charles Scribner's Sons)*; Mr. C. Allan Gilbert assembles another set of occasional drawings in Beauty's Realm *(Fox, Duffield and Company)*; and Miss Jessie Wilcox Smith follows her success of last year in a kindred vein with full-page illustrations in color to Betty Sage's Rhymes of Real Children *(Fox, Duffield and Company)*.

There was a passage of appreciable length in Mr. Christy's earlier manner when he showed clearly his derivation from Mr Wenzell and Mr. Gibson. Both were at the height of their popularity; both had set the style for a special type named after the artist, and both had undoubted talent—Mr. Wenzell in effects of handling and color, Mr. Gibson in draughtsmanship and the realization of character Indeed, delicious as was the Gibson girl, and frank and clean and manly her admirer the Gibson man, it was in the study of character and manners, the touch of satire and didacticism mingled, of the years when he was a free lance tied to no closely defined market, that Mr. Gibson was at his best; and in whatever he has done since he has only approached that excellence on the same terms. For good as is his draughtsmanship, it is as an adequate vehicle for ulterior motives, not as an end in itself, that it is wholly admirable; and expressive as were his types, repetition wearies, and distinguished as were his mannerisms and well as he wore them, use frayed the freshness from them—and only sincerity lasts.

Sincerity is at the mercy of no imitator. It cannot be parodied or distorted or copied, and it works for its admirers only by an indirection that never betrays its owner. No one copies Mr. Gibson's butlers, and chambermaids, and cabmen, and fat, blowsy, bedizened old women, or their tired, bored

MARSHALL'S NEW DIAMOND OFFER

FEBRUARY SPECIALS **$55.00 Cash** **$5.50 per Month**

A choice lot of **extra quality Diamonds**, absolute **GEMS** in every way, a grade **better than 90 per cent. of the Diamonds** offered **in America** as first quality. Every Diamond in the lot guaranteed **pure white and flawless**. The mountings are 14-Kt., hand made. Any of these will be

SENT FOR EXAMINATION, EXPRESS PREPAID.

If ring sent is perfectly satisfactory send first payment of $11.00, pay balance in eight months at $5.50 per month. Ring to be returned at our expense if not wanted. **For cash with order** or when sent C. O. D. for the full amount we allow a discount of 8 per cent., making the ring $51.60. **We allow full amount paid** in exchange for a larger diamond at any time

NEW DIAMOND BOOK FREE

A new edition of "How to Buy a Diamond" tells how the diamonds are mined and marketed. How to tell a diamond. How to clean a diamond. Quotes the different grades, and shows the very latest designs in diamond mountings. Will be sent free for the asking

GEO. E. MARSHALL (Inc.) **101 State St., CHICAGO**

Reference—First National Bank, Chicago.

Make Your Leisure Count

I Teach Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Touch Typewriting in Your Home

Not in One Hour, One Day or One Month: This cannot be done—you know it as well as I. I will make you a competent Bookkeeper or Stenographer: the time it takes depends solely upon you

Neither do I give a **FREE COURSE**, no one does—you pay for it in the end. YOU CANNOT GET SOMETHING FOR NOTHING. My price is as low as possible when honest, conscientious, expert instruction is given.

Commercial and Industrial Bookkeeping. Mine is the most practical, simple, up-to-date method. It cuts out a [illegible] ways of handling accounts, is time-saving, worry-saving and money-saving. Exactly what the business man wants and the business world needs.

Gregg Shorthand. Far easier in learning, better in practice than the [illegible] systems. No positions, no shade, few rules or word signs. You can [illegible] short time

A POSITION IS WAITING FOR YOU. I have placed every graduate in a high grade place. I furnish all supplies and use of any of the $100 Typewriters in your home without [illegible]. Write today for my booklet. Be sure to mention the Course that interests you. Investigate my plans and learn how I have helped others and can help you. Write now

MORTON MAC CORMAC, A. M., President,

Dept. 7 **MAC CORMAC CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL** Chicago, Ill.

The World's Headquarters for

ELECTRIC NOVELTIES AND SUPPLIES

IF IT'S ELECTRIC WE HAVE IT
WE UNDERSELL ALL

Electric Hand Lantern

Battery Table Lamp - -	$3 00
Battery Hanging Lamp	10 00
Telephone, complete,	2 50 5 95
Electric Door Bells - - -	1 00
Electric Carriage Lamps -	5 00
Electric Hand Lanterns -	2 00
Halo Turn-down Lamps -	.60
Telegraph Outfits - - - -	2 25
Battery Motors - 1.00 to	12 00
Bicycle Electric Lights - -	3 00
Electric Railway - - - -	2.75
Pocket Flash Lights - - -	1 50
Necktie Lights - - 75c to	3.00
$8.00 Batteries - - - - -	3 95

Send for free book. Describes and illustrates many of the most useful electric devices, at wonderfully small prices. All practical. The lowest price in the world on everything electrical. Agents can make handsome commissions and many sales. Write for complete information.

OHIO ELECTRIC WORKS, Cleveland, Ohio

300 foreign Stamps 10c. 104 all different from Malta [illegible] 10c [illegible] 10c. 200 [illegible] 25c [illegible] $1 25 1000 [illegible] $4 75 52 page list free. Agents wanted, 50 per cent [illegible]

L. Crowell Stamp Co 514 Caxton Building Cleveland, O

VARICOSE VEINS,
WEAK JOINTS,
VARICOSE ULCERS
and
LEG SWELLINGS
Permanently Relieved
By
OUR PATENT SEAMLESS HEEL

ELASTIC STOCKINGS.

We make all goods to measure of new elastic [illegible] and guarantee a fit. Free Catalogue tells how to measure, gives prices, etc. Send for one. We are the largest weavers of special elastic work in the United States.

CURTIS & SPINDELL CO.,
66 Market St., Lynn, Mass.

STARK TREES Largest Nursery *Fruit Book Free.* **SUCCEED WHERE OTHERS FAIL** Result of 78 years experience

STARK BROS., Louisiana, Mo.; Dansville, N. Y.; Etc.

STRENGTH OF MUSCLE

means health [illegible] means [illegible]. Make your body hard and equal to the [illegible] proving the principle of Progressive Weight Lifting as practised [illegible]

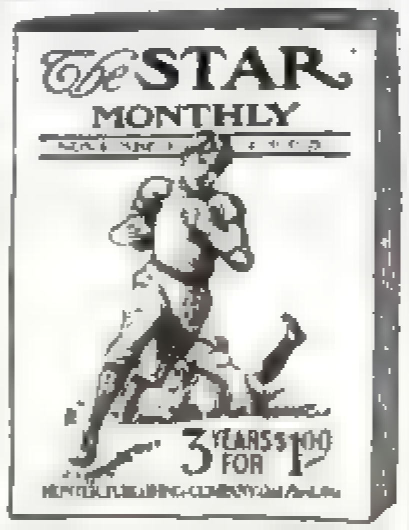
MILO ADJUSTABLE **BAR-BELL**

The greatest [illegible] device ever invented, the greatest promoter of health [illegible]. It is not a fad nor a theory but a proved principle of [illegible]. The entire cost of the apparatus is but $10.00 and this includes free course of exercises and instructions. Freight paid east of the Mississippi. The book tells all about it, send for it today

MILO BAR-BELL CO., "411-N" Mariner Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

BOYS

The STAR MONTHLY is for boys. For clear eyed, red blooded, active boys between 10 and 20 years old. The STAR MONTHLY is the boy's companion. It plays baseball and football with [illegible]. It coasts, skates, swims, camps, [illegible] and fishes with [illegible]. It goes [illegible] work with [illegible]. It talks with [illegible] about his future, [illegible] world. It teaches him how to build his head, heart and body. It has departments on athletics, carpentry, games, puzzles, amateur journalism, mechanics, photography, coin, stamp, and curio collecting, prize awards. In each department covers [illegible] noted in col[illegible]. It never has less than 32 large pages, profusely illustrated, and is printed on fine polished book paper. The STAR MONTHLY is the official organ of the Coming Men of America, the great society for boys that has branches and members all over the world. It is the oldest, best and most popular boys' magazine. It is ten years old, has $100,000 capital, owns a large printing plant and buildings, and has 150,000 subscribers. The subscription rate is lowest of all.



3 years $1

This remarkably low price is building up our subscription list at a rapid rate. We do not give chromos or trashy premiums to bribe our subscribers; but we do give the greatest value in good reading that a dollar can buy.

Just think for a moment what three years for $1 means, 36 issues, nearly 1,200 illustrated pages, about 8 pounds of paper and 1,096 happy days!

MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED

Send $1 to-day for 3 years' subscription. You will get your first copy right away. Tell your friends to send in their dollars. *Address*

The STAR MONTHLY
Dept. 15, Star Building
OAK PARK ILLINOIS

TAHITI

Island of Love

"Isle d'Amat" the old buccaneers called these sun-kissed shores, and to those who have been there the name rings singularly true. Tahiti of the South Seas — the Island of Love!

Round-trip tour to Tahiti, good 4 months, $150.00 from San Francisco.

Oceanic Steamship Company

Send for illustrated Folder

E. F. BURNETT, G. E. A., 427 Broadway, N. Y.

The Improved Method of
FINISHING FLOORS

[illegible] GRIPPIN'S WOOD CRACK and CREVICE FILLER and FINISH [illegible] Write to-day for our descriptive matter.

GRIPPIN MFG. CO
Dept. 4, Newark New York

husbands, with feet that hurt them, or his soubrettes who try to look the fine lady and only look more the soubrette. They are his best — in The Weaker Sex as elsewhere — and his own.

Mr. Christy, not having the eye and the inclination for satire, got only the prettiness and the mannerisms. He recut them and put them on differently — a different waistcoat with a different coat — till they came almost to look his own; but unfortunately the more they took the shape of his shoulders the more they lost their style. They became better Christys and worse drawings; the Wenzell-Gibson Christy was better than the Howard Chandler Christy. It is then possible to say of the illustrations to Miles Standish that they will disappoint no one. (The Christy girl and the Christy man are there to the life — quite as if they had slipped from the pages of the magazines. Priscilla in a riding habit might perfectly well be the most admired heroine of one of David Gray's hunting stories, and John Alden in a pop hat and evening clothes, smoking a cigarette, you may meet after the play at any one of the clubs — a nice, clean, well-set-up young fellow, fresh from college.) His admirers expected no more and his detractors no less.

The illustrations to the Rhymes of Real Children are of a very different character. They continue Miss Smith's success in her collaboration with Miss Green on their calendar of six drawings, The Child. Undoubtedly, The Child was the suggestion for the present book. The subject is kindred, the treatment is similar and the plates are made by the same firm, but the presswork is in different hands and has not fared so well. To return, however, to the drawings themselves: they are not required to adhere with much minuteness to the text, and they have no "literary" message whatever. A delightful humor they have, but wholly that of an independent comment on childhood — a comment full of tender raillery and protection. On the purely technical side they and their like have brought to illustration an entirely new effect of handling in the use of charcoal as a medium. Making free use of the possibilities of realistic drawing they yet hold by sentiment to the decorative idea, and so balancing a facile command of means against a dignified soberness of intent attain a light seriousness of charm not the less admirable that it is still feminine. Miss Smith and her mates, Miss Green and Miss Oakley — for in even the most cursory mention their names as representative of a new movement should not be separated — have shown more originality, with more tact and grace, than any recent group of young illustrators. To be sure, they all inherit something of Mr. Pyle from their term of study with him, but to work in a man's spirit is not to copy his style or slavishly to imitate his tricks of speech, and it is only the work that, borrowing from everybody derives from nobody, that can surely be said to owe nothing to any master.

Mr. Gilbert works more conventionally. He is a portrayer of charming women — graceful, reserved, never insistent, almost uniformly correct, pleasing but in no high degree inspiring. His studies of heads and his single figures display to the best advantage his personal quality, which in more ambitious work has a lesser opportunity to please.

FOR EVERY PREACHER — A book on the intelligent and dignified reading of the Bible.

No better comment, reasoned and sympathetic, can be made on Professor S. S. Currie's Vocal and Literary Interpretation of the Bible (*The MacMillan Company*) than Doctor Peabody, of the Harvard Divinity School, embodies in his introduction. We quote at discretion:

"Few persons who have had any share in training men for the Christian ministry have escaped a sense of failure in teaching their students how to read. No professional duty would seem to be more elementary. . . . How to interpret intelligently but not extravagantly, with sympathy but without artificiality, the various messages of the Bible becomes . . . for the teacher a serious duty, and is becoming a lost art.

". . . No professor of elocution can make an effective reader out of a light-minded, consequential, self-assertive or sentimental man. . . . On the other hand, there are many traits of effective reading which can be easily acquired by a teachable man." (He goes on to enumerate them.)

It is a satisfaction to commend a book which approaches its subject with this rational intention, and which is, I think, both in its method and spirit, practically without precedent."

George H. Powell

Developing Ad. Writers for Good Salaries

Skill Acquired by Mail Instruction in Demand At Incomes from $100 to $500 a month

THE marvelous growth and development of the advertising business have opened up many opportunities for ambitious young men and women to fill high-salaried positions varying from $100.00 to $500.00 a month, and even more.

That these opportunities will multiply during 1904 in a far greater ratio than in any previous year is hardly to be questioned.

Not only is advertising being used in greater volume for countless new enterprises, but old, staid manufacturers who have been in business for many decades are establishing advertising departments in charge of ad. writers, instead of relying on some untrained clerk or assistant to indifferently look after publicity matters.

Only a few days ago one of the oldest Central New York State pump manufacturers — over fifty years in business — called on me to supply a Powell graduate to go with them at a $1,500.00 salary. This is ordinarily so common an occurrence that a reference to it seems unnecessary.

But this particular manufacturer is located in a very small place, where a $1,500 salary is equal to nearly double this sum in any of the great cities.

Heretofore the manager of this particular company has burdened himself trying to find spare time in which to get out the catalogues, booklets and trade paper ads., without satisfaction and with very little success.

Truly, this is the age of advertising.

And in the constantly increasing demand for skilled ad. writers, it is gratifying for me to realize that I am doing so much to increase the earning powers of worthy young men and women.

It is doubly gratifying to receive a constant stream of letters like the following:

Advertising Skill Earns Him an Interest in His Employer's Business

Dayton, Ohio, Dec. 21, 1903.
Mr. George H. Powell, New York.

My Dear Sir — I am mailing you, under separate cover, a photograph of the writer, with the compliments of the season. I would like to have you accept this as a slight token of regard for putting me on the road to success.

When I first heard of your course I was engaged at a small salary. Later I accepted a better position and now I am pleased to state that I am just earning double what I received then.

My work has proven to be satisfactory to my employer, and I am now to share a per cent. on all business done at our new store, which will be opened on January 2, 1904, in the heart of the business district. It is just one block from our main store, which consists of four floors and basement — immense stock, 72 employed here, own electric plant, open all night, etc.

I think your course is the best of the many offered on advertising, and I feel very grateful to you for your prompt and personal criticism on my work. I will gladly tell the merits of your course and what it has done for me to any person to whom you refer my name.

Very truly yours, C. C. GREEN
[illegible] E. First St., Dayton, O.

And this brief but appreciative note from Mr. Ringueberg, advertising manager for a well-known concern, is timely.

Quickly Qualified As Advertising Manager

Buffalo, N. Y. [illegible]
Mr. George H. Powell,
Temple Court, N. Y. City.

Dear Sir — I take pleasure in informing you that I have secured a permanent position as manager for H. J. [illegible]rk & Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and have full charge of their advertising department. The course of advertising which I took with you made me efficient to fill this position. Thanking you for past favors, I am

Yours very truly, E. J. RINGUEBERG,
Advertising Manager

During the past three years I have probably brought to the front more ad. writers who have achieved remarkable success than all other correspondence institutions combined.

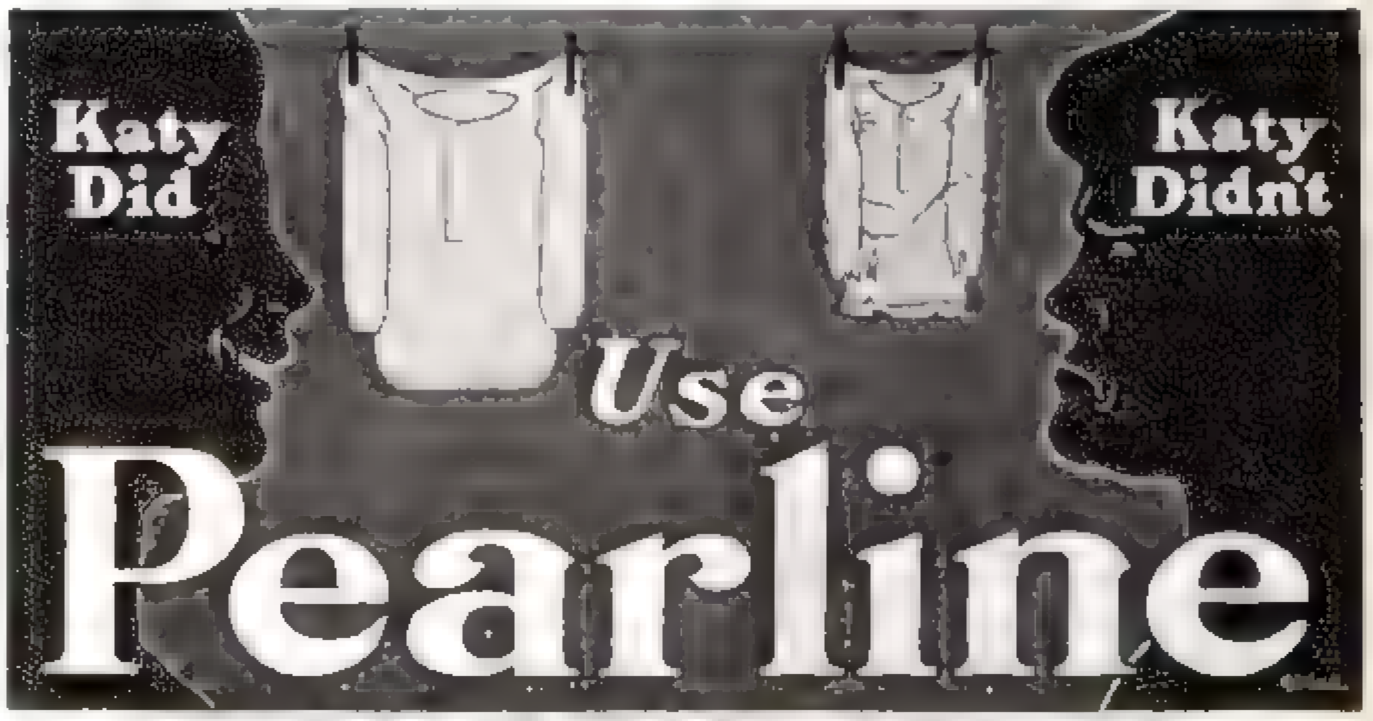
In every state Powell graduates are drawing big salaries and winning that sort of renown that commands as high as $800.00 a month.

There isn't a clerk, salesman or subordinate worker who cannot improve himself or herself by studying under me.

There isn't a business man, either, who cannot vastly increase his business with my help.

I teach advertising exclusively, and am one of the few teachers of note who thus confines himself.

If you are anxious to improve, and increase your income, I shall be glad to mail my elegant new Prospectus, together with the most convincing fac-simile proof ever given a correspondence school. Address me, **GEORGE H. POWELL, 1208 Temple Court, New York.**



PEARLINE AD. BY MISS RUTH B. GOULD, ADVERTISING WRITER

I give this specimen of Miss Gould's to show how splendidly brainy young women qualify as experts under my System of Mail Instruction. Miss Gould is today writing advertising for many of America's largest advertisers, and she invariably gives complete satisfaction. Her office is at 33 Union Square, New York. If you send for my Prospectus I will also mail a copy of her letter which tells about the superiority of my methods, which have placed so many in fine positions.

Keep the whole house warm

Colds and their resultant ills are oftenest caused by the unevenly distributed heat of old fashioned warming methods.

Water or Steam

perfectly distribute the heat — every room alike—day and night — temperature always under control.

AMERICAN & IDEAL
RADIATORS BOILERS

ensure the highest degree of comfort and home healthfulness. They pay for themselves in fuel and labor saving, in cleanliness, absence from repairs — while they also protect the family health.

They require less care-taking than does a parlor stove — because automatically operated. Can be erected in mid-winter without disturbing old heating methods until ready to start fire in the new. Advise us size and kind of building you wish to heat and receive valuable information and booklet free.

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TALES OF A CARTOONIST

(Concluded from Page 11)

From Santo Tomas, the little barrio where MacArthur's forces were stationed, there is a strip of twelve miles to the Bagbag River. This distance had to be made on foot and through a country absolutely unoccupied by American troops. The advance had been so swift that the little towns had not been garrisoned and the natives had parted until our army had passed. They had then closed in behind the Americans. The railroad afforded the best route for walking, and so I started out alone to walk to the Bagbag River where I could get the daily train to Manila. It was in the hottest part of the year, May, and the threatened storm had charged the air with oppressive humidity. Off in the bamboo jungles along the track I could catch glimpses of Filipinos, but they were chary about approaching the railroad. I passed through several groups at the small stations but excepting for sullen looks there was no exhibition of hostility.

Twelve miles on a hot Filipino day in three hours and twenty-five minutes is a hard walk, but I made it. I crossed the dismantled bridge over the Rio Grande at Calumpit where a few days before Funston had achieved such a gallant feat, and then covered the mile of wrecked railroad track to the Bagbag River, also the scene of a brilliant American fight. The track had been repaired to that point and a daily train service for troops and commissary supplies had been established between the Bagbag and Manila.

The train was there and it pulled out a mere moment after I had sunk exhausted in the lone passenger coach.

Five miles toward Manila from the Bagbag River is Malolos, once the insurgent capital before the seat of government had moved northward to San Fernando. The train paused there for a few moments and I hastily reconnoitered for food, for it was now after six o'clock in the evening, and the last bit of food I had taken was a piece of hardtack and a cup of coffee at four-thirty that morning. Consequently, I was hungry.

An officer of the Third Artillery confided to me that he knew where there were all kinds of lovely things to eat, but I yielded to temptation only after being assured that the train would not leave for fifteen minutes. I went into the war-scarred station house and mounted the battered steps to where the food in profusion awaited me. It was then that the train started. And I have never caught it to this day.

Furthermore, the carrier pigeons failed to get in, the only time in my experience when those trusty collaborators failed me. The only explanation is that I was doomed not to get the news of the capture of San Fernando into Manila that night.

The next day was my birthday and the officers on the Olympia were going to entertain me at tiffin; but at the tiffin hour I was just leaving Malolos for Manila, and I got instead some cold chicken and some caribao milk from a native woman at the wayside.

This instance shows that sometimes a man cannot get his "stuff" in for the paper no matter how hard he tries.

* * *

A Good Watch Dog

ONE day last summer Charles Battell Loomis, the humorist, started from his summer home in Connecticut and took a longer walk than usual. In passing a distant farmhouse he was assailed by a dog, who sampled his legs in a strictly serious manner. The farmer strolling out casually Mr. Loomis made complaint.

"Now, don't tell me that dorg bit you," said the agriculturist insinuatingly. "'Tain't possible. Why, that dorg wouldn't bite a—a—a—nothing."

"But he *did* bite *me*," insisted Mr. Loomis. "See that trouser leg."

"Well, now, mebby he did, and that's a fact," assented the other as if he were making the acquaintance of a new fact in natural history. "Durned if he didn't. Took a hunk right out o' your leg, didn't he? Now, I'll tell you how it is; that dorg's rest was broke last night and he's cross to-day in consequence. Had a party at our house which lasted to 'leven o'clock, most. You just come by here to-morrow and I'll bet four shilling he'll wag his tail off he'll be so glad to see you."

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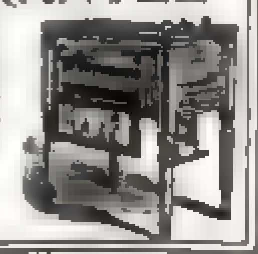

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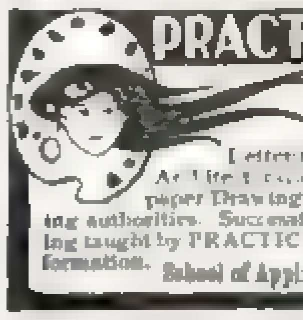

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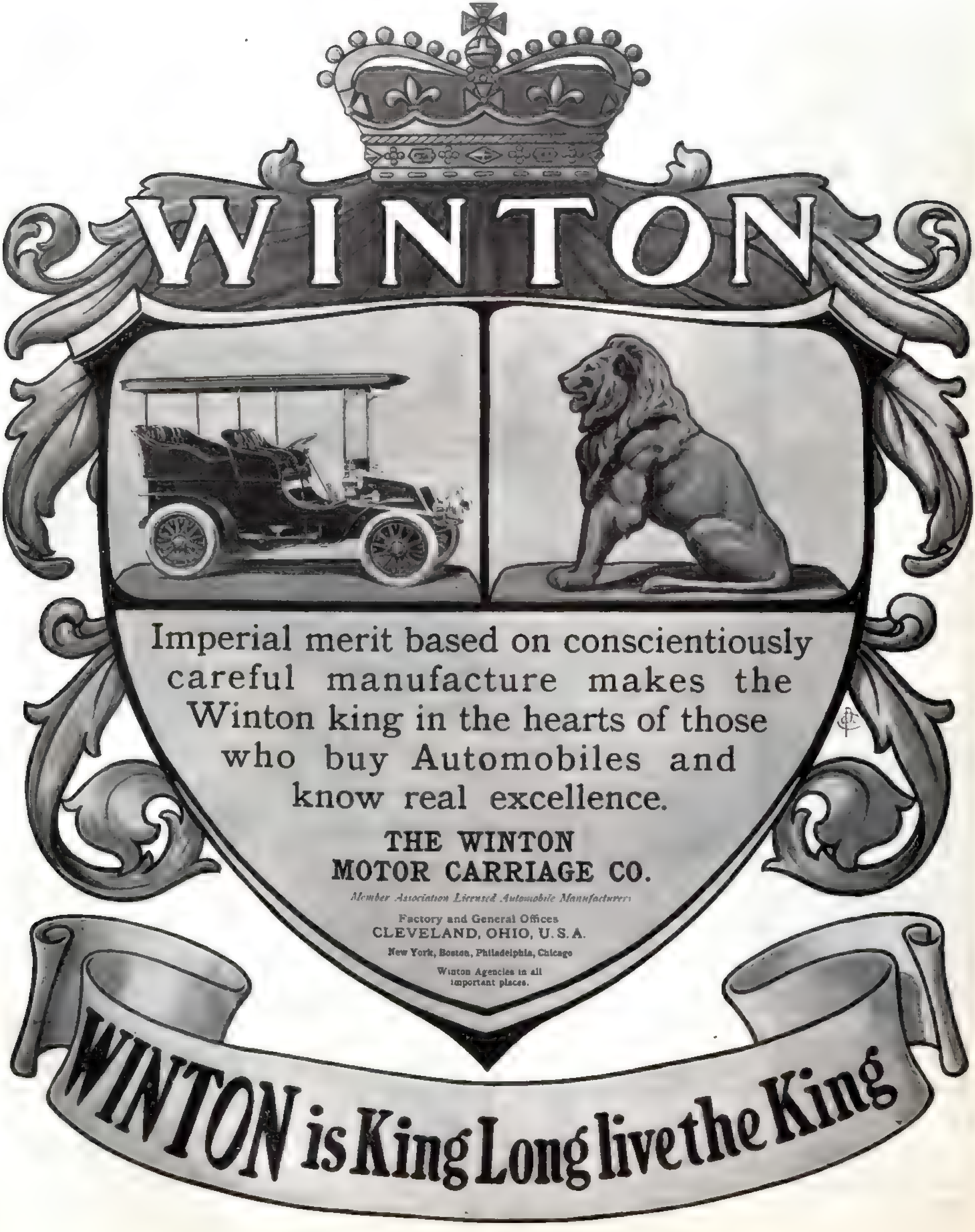
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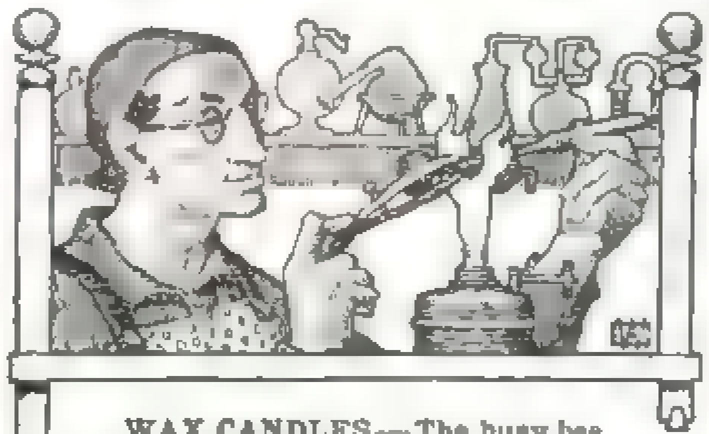

WAX CANDLES—The busy bee gives them nothing but the name and good-will.

ONE would naturally think that, in these days of electricity and gas, to say nothing of kerosene, wax candles had been almost entirely discarded. As a matter of fact, however, a large number of wax candles are to-day manufactured and sold.

But the wax candle of to-day is a vastly different article from that of olden times. The busy bee may collect honey and turn out all the wax she likes; except that her product is used for the candles in churches she contributes little or nothing to those found in the markets

Ozocerite, a mineral wax, dug from the bowels of the earth at depths varying from 400 to 600 feet, is the substance out of which most candles are now made. In America the mineral is mined in Utah and in California, the European beds being located in Wales, in Galicia and in Roumania. When found in its natural state ozocerite appears in translucent, dark brown, thin films, which, upon being refined, resemble beeswax.

The wax mines of Eastern Galicia, leased and operated by a syndicate of American capitalists, form one of the most curious fields of industry imaginable. They are located around Boryslav, which is also the centre of the eastern oil district of that part of the Austro-Hungarian empire. The entire wax fields are but fifty acres in extent, but more than a thousand shafts have been sunk in that limited area, and almost 10,000 men are at work. The veins of the mineral are frequently sixteen inches thick, and it is dug with shovels and hoisted from the shafts by windlasses. Many uses are made of this wax besides moulding it into candles, and fortunes have been made by the men interested in these curious mines, the value of the crude product being eight cents a pound at the mouth of the shaft

THE VANISHING WEALTH OF CHILE—Much of her income is drawn from limited deposits of nitrate.

NOT a little anxiety is felt in Chile on account of the approaching exhaustion of the great nitrate beds, which are the principal wealth of the country and the chief source of the income of the Government. It is reckoned that only about 65,000,000 tons remain to be dug, and, inasmuch as 2,000,000 tons are exported annually, it is obvious that the supply will not last much more than thirty years longer. The industry pays $22,000,000 a year into the national treasury, and furnishes seventy-six per cent. of the exports of the commonwealth.

The nitrate of soda is obtained from a narrow strip that runs along the eastern slope of the coast range of mountains, in a region where no drop of rain ever falls, and in which no plant grows—not even the smallest tree or shrub. Anciently, a series of narrow lakes existed there, and their waters, receiving the drainage of a vast watershed, had no outlet except by evaporation. As a result, they became heavily charged with mineral salts, of which deposits steadily accumulated on their bottoms, so that when the lakes dried up the nitrate beds of to-day were left behind

The beds are not on the surface of the ground, but are reached by digging to a depth of eight or ten feet. When struck, the precious deposit is found to be as hard as rock, and usually it is from four to six feet in thickness. Gunpowder is employed to blast it out, and the fragments are loaded on cars and carried to Iquique or some other point where there are refineries. The process of refining is somewhat elaborate, and about two and a half tons are required to make one ton of the final product. Incidentally, the impurities are cast out, and the iodine, of which the raw material contains a considerable

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Every cigar we make costing you over $3.00 per hundred is constructed of clear [illegible] imported Havana tobacco, and all cigars are made under the best approved sanitary conditions. Under this guarantee we name below a few brands from our complete catalogue, and invite a trial, assuring you that if we do not suit you, the expense is ours.

		Boxes of	25	50	100
Balmetto,	4⅝ in	Puritanos,	$0.90	$1.65	$3.25
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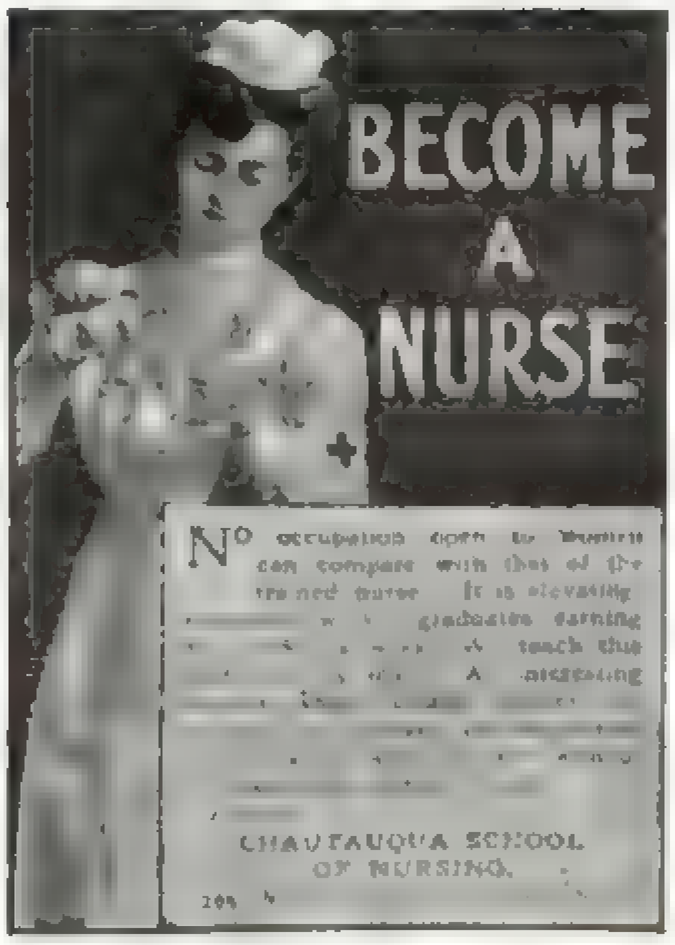

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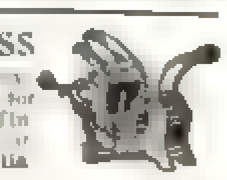

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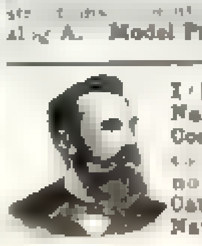

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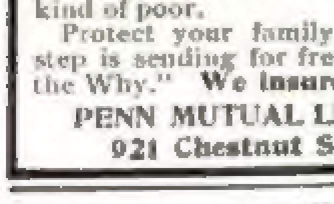

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percentage, is saved. A large profit is derived from the sale of the iodine alone.

Nitrate of soda is chiefly known as a fertilizer, being used for this purpose the world over. Farmers in Germany utilize great quantities of it in the raising of sugar beets. But the stuff has other and very valuable commercial employments, being the base of nearly all explosives. Manufacturers of nitro-glycerine and dynamite consume large quantities of it, and nitric acid is similarly derived.

OUR WONDERFUL COCOANUT CROP — We have the small trifle of 70,000,000 pounds of it to market.

OUR newly-acquired archipelago in the South Seas will export this year seventy million pounds of cocoanut meats, dried and prepared in the shape of what is known commercially as copra. When ripe the nuts are cut in halves and exposed to the sun, the heat of which causes the kernels to contract and detach themselves from the shells. The kernels, after being collected, are sun-dried for several more days, at the end of which their brittleness indicates that they are ready for market.

In earlier days cocoanut oil, which is the product of the nut that fetches most money in the market, was put up in earthenware jars for transportation from various parts of the Philippines to the seaports. But the jars frequently broke, causing loss, and barrels imported from China were substituted for them. Unfortunately, the barrels leaked, and the problem of handling the crop was not solved until an ingenious European devised the expedient of drying the meats and exporting them in that shape, to be pressed in Europe or elsewhere for the oil they contained.

This plan has since been adopted all over Polynesia wherever cocoanuts are grown for export purposes. One thousand good nuts will yield about five hundred pounds of copra, which, when pressed, may be expected to produce twenty-five gallons of oil. The oil is good for cooking, as an illuminant, and for "coco-butter," whose chief use is for candles, for the toilet and for making the so-called "marine soaps" which serve for toilet and laundry purposes with sea water.

A ROAD WAGON SEARCHLIGHT — The inventor says it will really help and not dazzle the driver.

A MINNESOTA man has invented a lantern designed to be affixed by wire braces, rods and straps to the breast of a horse, so that the animal as well as the driver may clearly see the road on dark nights. It is claimed that the lantern is so pivoted and braced that it will not sway laterally with the motion of the horse nor suffer any undesirable vibration.

The inventor says that the rays are thrown directly forward in the path traveled by the animal, and that it is not only easier for the horse to see the path, but that the driver can distinguish objects ahead and also avoid rough and dangerous places and determine, even on the darkest night, whether the horse is in the road or not. Where the light is carried on the side of the buggy, the rays, thrown along by the side of the horse, frequently fail to illumine the way ahead.

A frame of sole leather, bent to present a rounded appearance in front, is provided with a hole through which the lens of the lantern is inserted. Suitable lugs are provided on each side of the lantern and straps are secured to the frame and buckled over the lugs to hold the lantern in place. The top of the leather frame curves in over the upper portion of the lantern and shields the breast of the horse from the heat.

Shoulder brace-rods of flat or round steel wire, one end riveted to the lantern frame, and the other engaged by snap-hooks to a girth around the horse, just back of the fore-legs, prevent the lantern from swaying laterally. To prevent it from swaying back and forward, another wire brace running from the girth is connected with the lower edge of the lantern frame.

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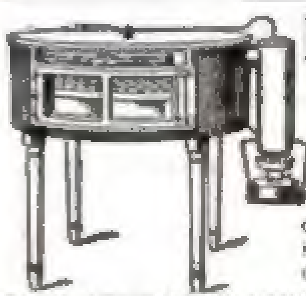

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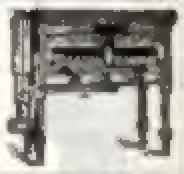

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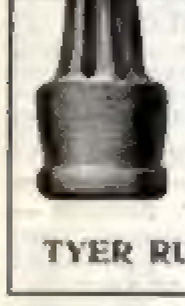

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"Four Flushing" — A New Evil of American Cities

(Concluded from Page 2)

latter. With a little experience in aldermanic methods one is able to forecast aldermanic probabilities with more certainty than the Government experts can forecast the weather. A serious street-car accident occurs. Every one connected with the council knows that at its next meeting from six to a dozen resolutions, orders and ordinances will be introduced, each demanding specific, frequently impracticable and sometimes idiotic "reforms." Many of these may be disposed of by reference to committee. Some may be forced through for passage.

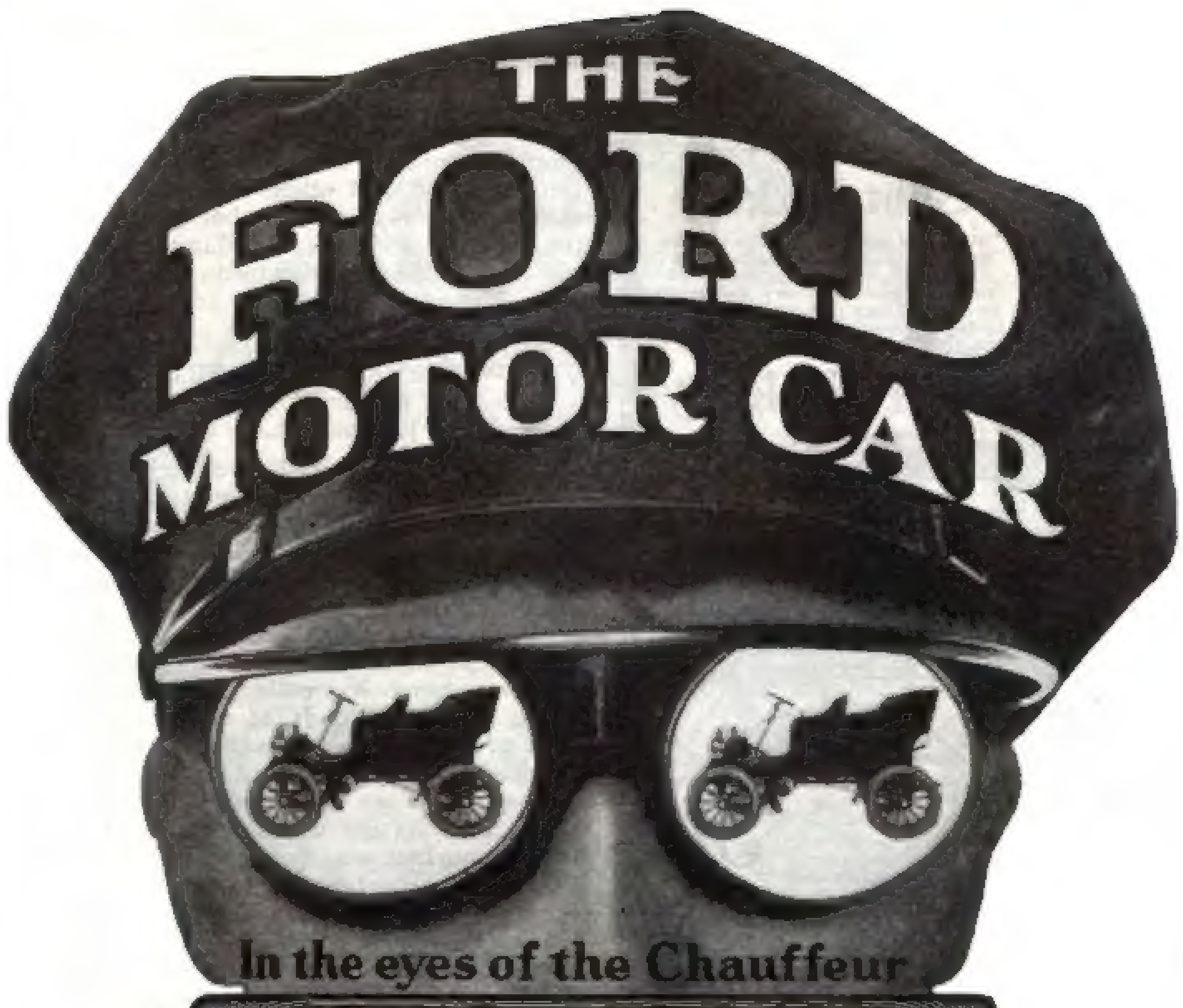
It makes little difference if the particular requirements advocated by the ordinance be such as already are being demanded by the city and observed by the corporation in question. Frequently the administration is ordered, with pomp and ceremony, to proceed forthwith to execute certain ordinances which all the time have been in execution.

As a result of the agitation against the toy pistol, based on the figures which show the mortality attending its use every Fourth of July, the council has passed an ordinance to prohibit the sale of this diminutive but deadly weapon. It is a good ordinance. There can be no objection to it on that ground. It simply is an ordinance offering absolutely nothing new. Every provision it makes was, at the time of its passage, fully covered in the code and the ordinance was being enforced to the best of the city's ability. Yet it was handed out to the public as brand-new legislation, designed to stop the raids of death on the children of the city. It was heralded in the newspapers as a great step toward reform. Citizens are getting accustomed to this. Otherwise, after the next Fourth of July a man reading the newspapers might wonder what had become of this much-vaunted law. It will be enforced as well as the city is able to enforce it. So was the old ordinance. It is difficult, however, to hold down the ubiquitous and enthusiastically patriotic American boy on the national holiday. Ordinances will not do it. The first step must be taken at the family fireside. Some years ago, by an official proclamation and in accordance with the ordinances, I prohibited the use of giant crackers and dynamite crackers within the city limits on the Fourth of July. The day before the Fourth a neighbor's boy asked my own son to give me a message from his father. This was the message: that on the morning of the Fourth at five o'clock he proposed to set off a dynamite cracker of truly gigantic proportions. Thinking the message a bit of boyish mischief I paid no more attention to it. At five o'clock the following morning the windows for a block around my house fairly rattled from the force of an explosion. The patriotic American father had "made good."

It, of course, would be a mistake to characterize all the members of the Chicago city council as being ornamental legislators. The great majority are men of sound commonsense, averse to all forms of pretense and hostile to every phase of four-flushing. But when a four-flush ordinance is introduced, what are they to do? If they vote aye on its passage they feel they are merely aiding in the making of a bit of harmless, even if useless, legislation. If they vote no they may be called on for explanations by the newspapers and later by their constituents.

The evil works insidiously. It escapes the active antagonism of the best elements, because to attack it is to attack measures ostensibly advantageous, designed for the betterment of the city and the protection of its citizens.

Therefore the wiser members of the council sit passively in their seats while a four-flushing measure is being considered, and generally vote for it when it comes up for passage. And so the process of making laws for effect goes on. And step by step with it there develops the carelessness of citizens for law. When the sincerity of the ordinance is doubted the disobedience of the citizen is certain. And so it will continue. So long as citizens believe that laws should apply "to the other fellow," so long as influence is able to amend, revise and repeal laws, so long as legislators believe that their reputations are made by specious enactments, so long as four-flushing is tolerated, so long will the American characteristic of carelessness continue to wax stronger.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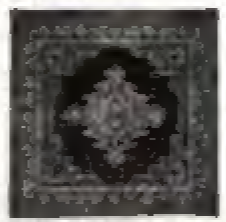

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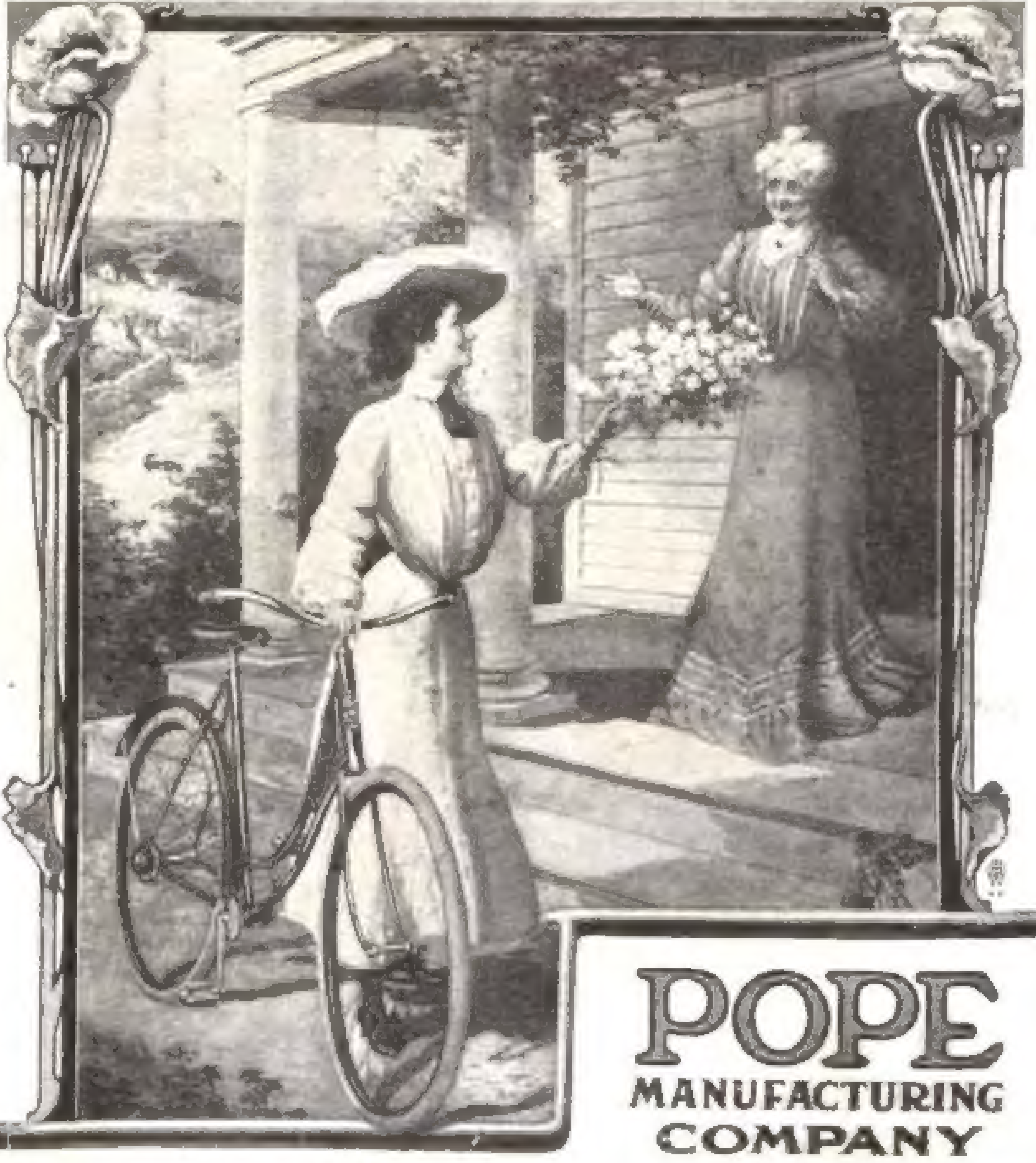

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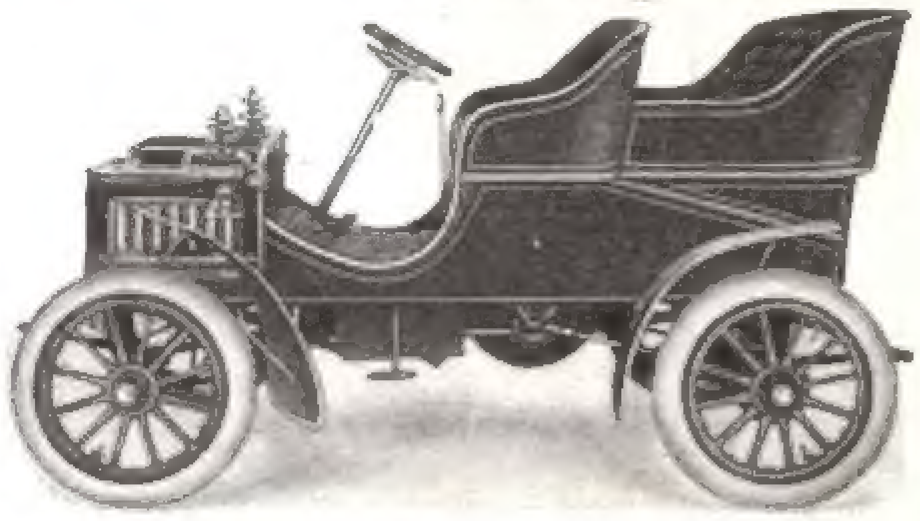

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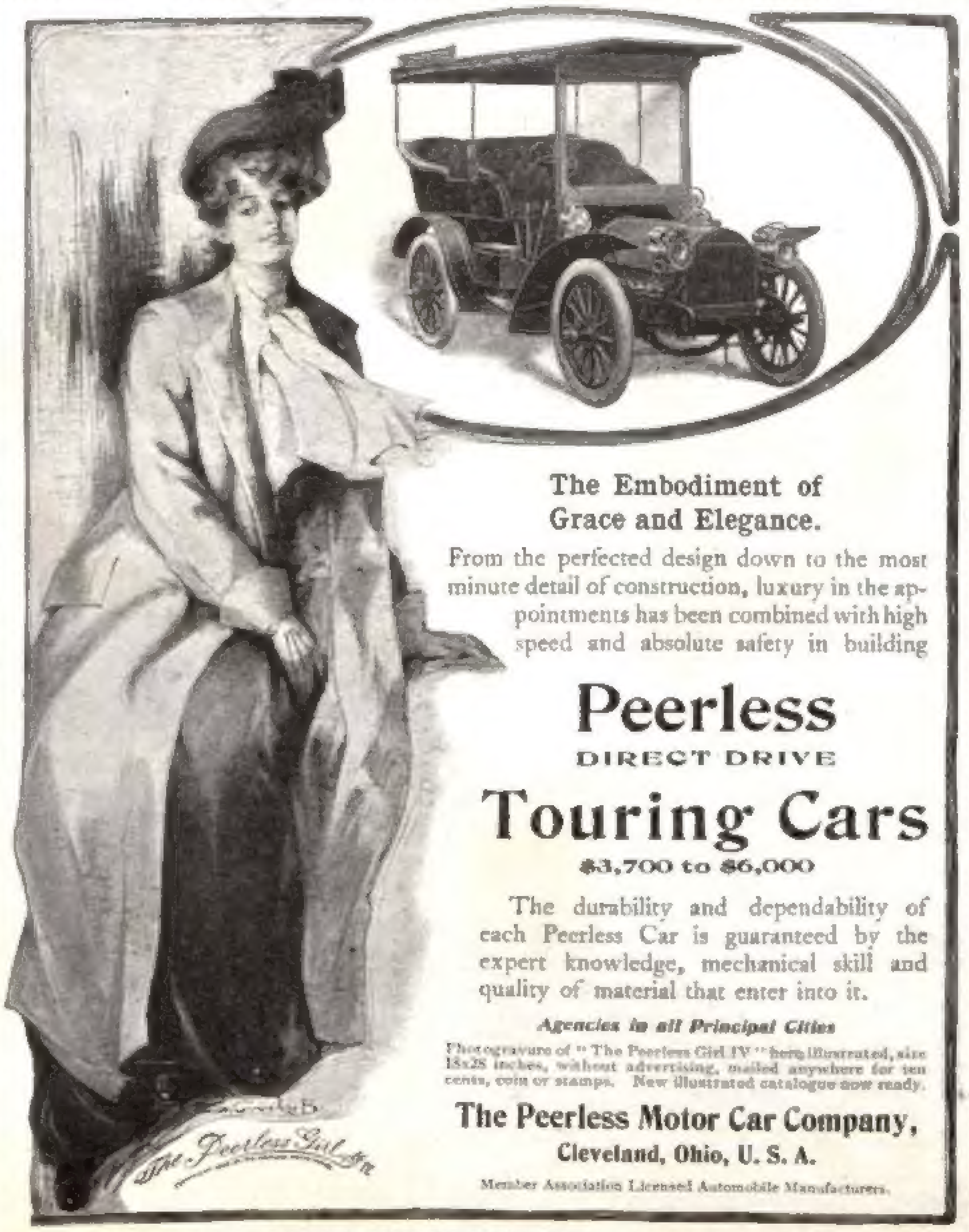

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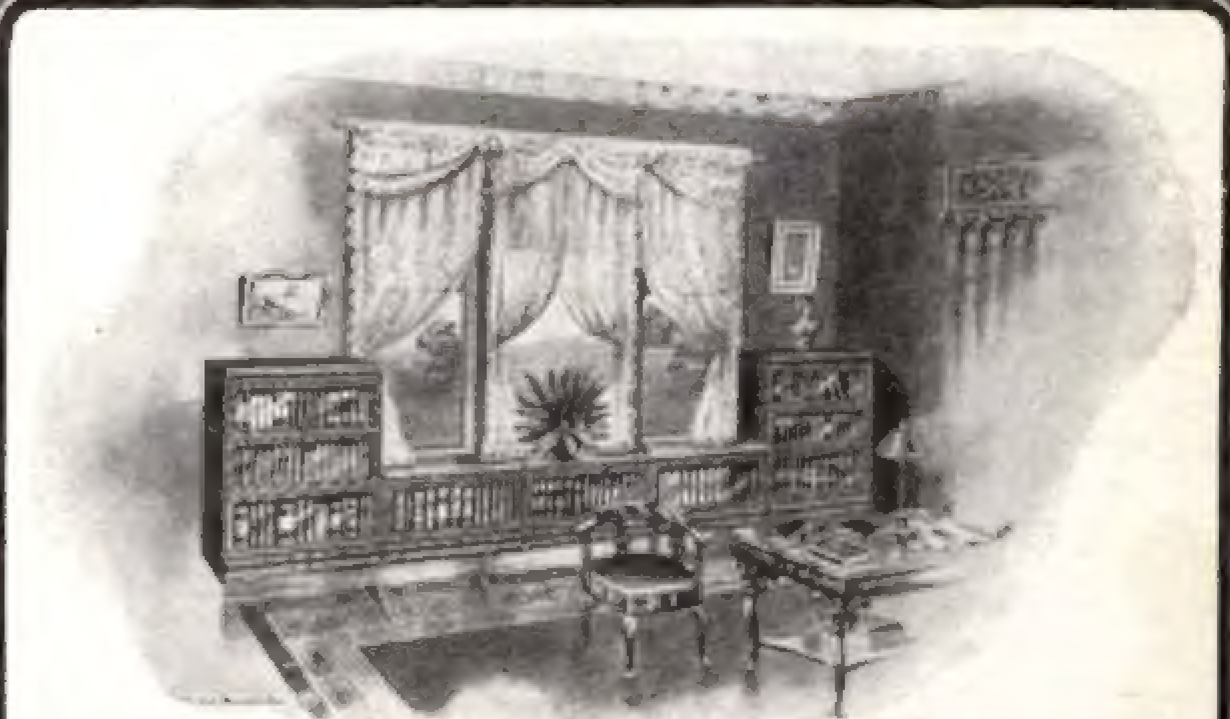

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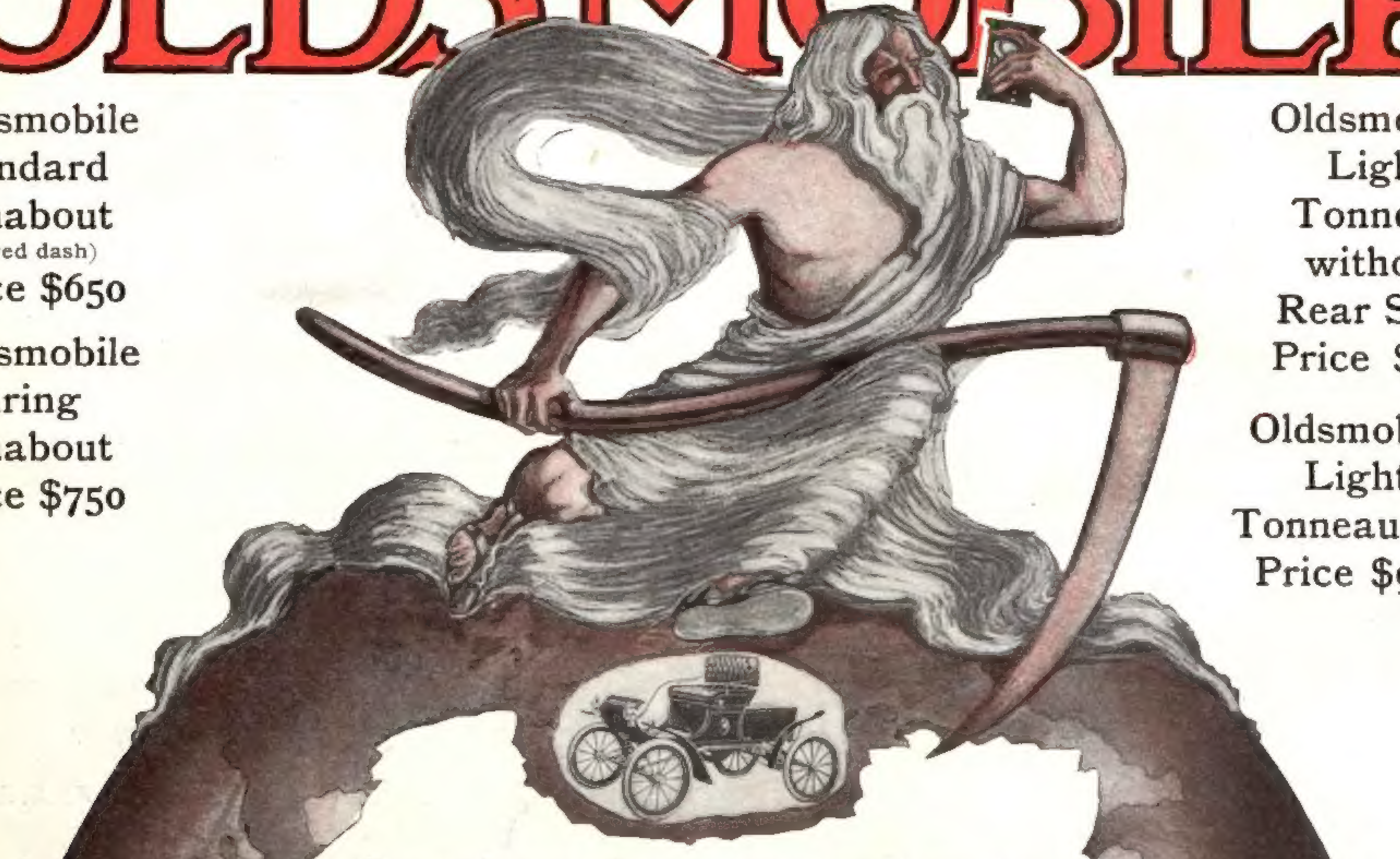

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